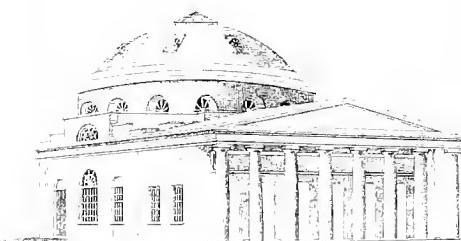
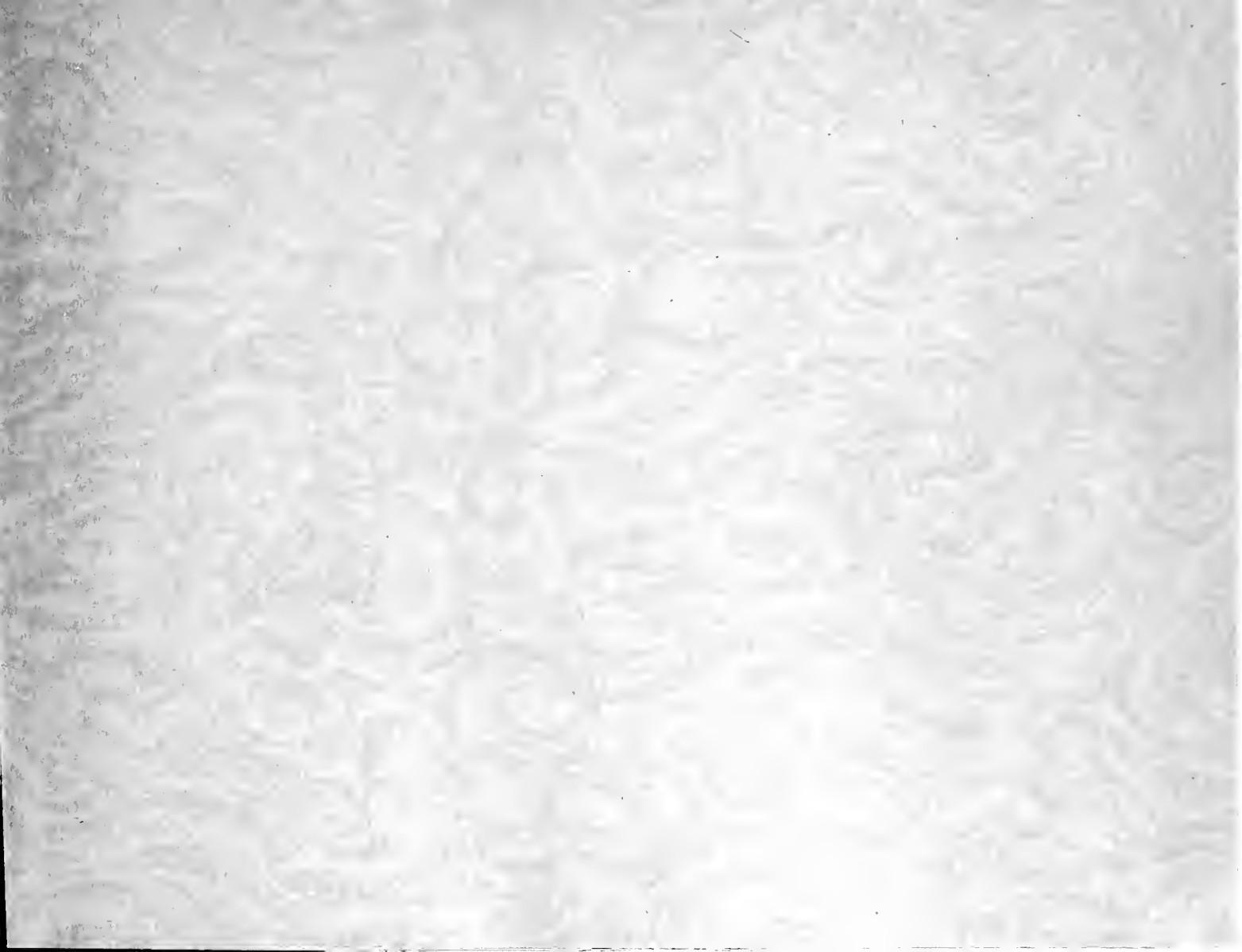
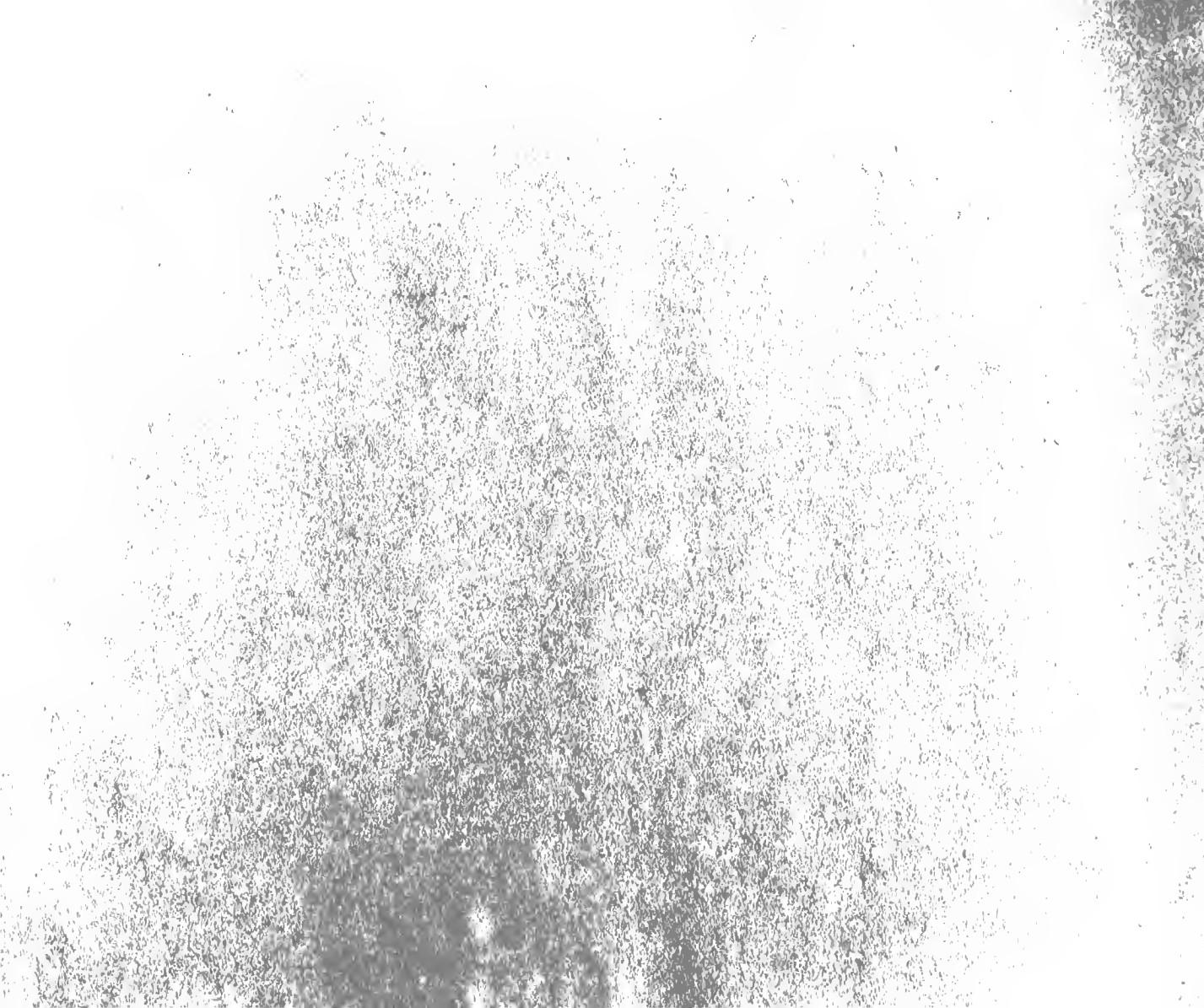


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The Clinic

The YEAR BOOK of the COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

VOLUME V

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

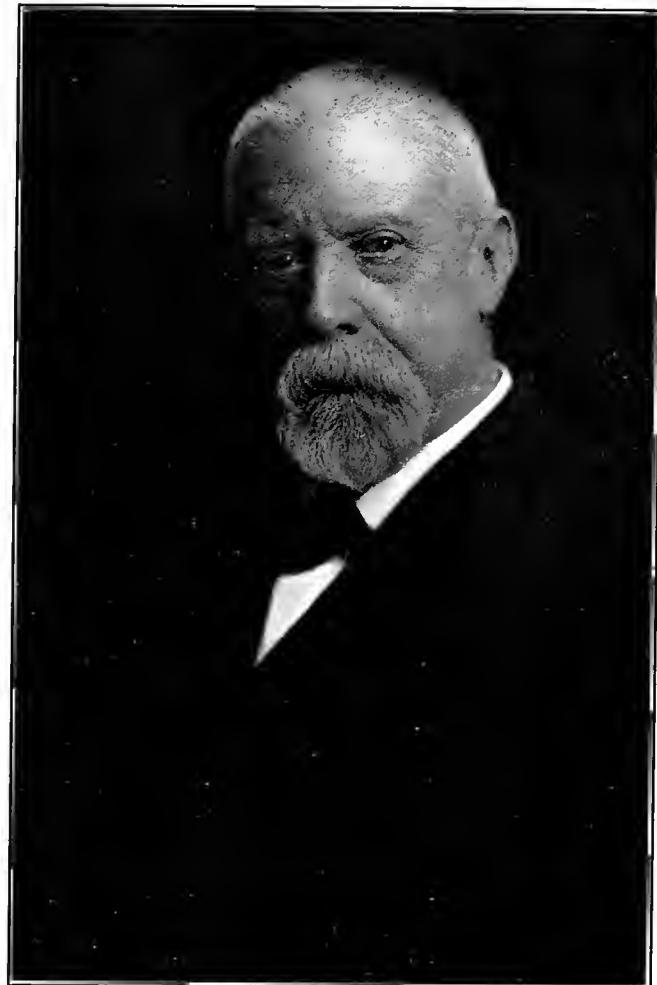
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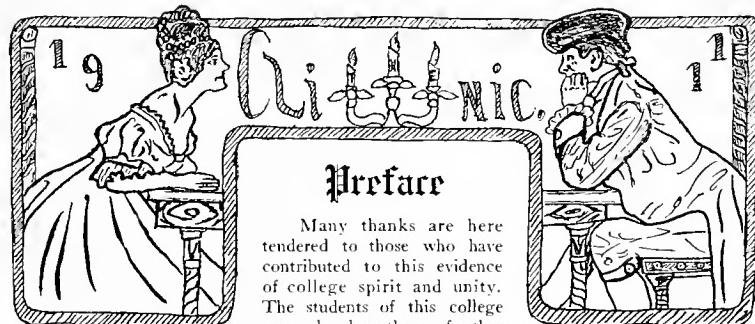
Nathaniel Garland Kirke, A.M., M.D., Sc.D.

Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Director of Pasteur Institute

This Book is affectionately dedicated







Many thanks are here
tendered to those who have
contributed to this evidence
of college spirit and unity.
The students of this college
are as loyal as those of other

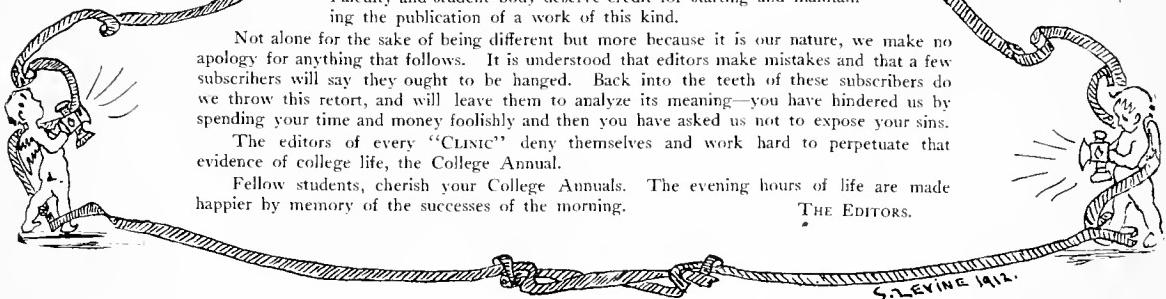
schools of its class and kind. There are no departments where
literary training is fostered or artistic ability nourished. So the
Faculty and student body deserve credit for starting and maintain-
ing the publication of a work of this kind.

Not alone for the sake of being different but more because it is our nature, we make no
apology for anything that follows. It is understood that editors make mistakes and that a few
subscribers will say they ought to be hanged. Back into the teeth of these subscribers do
we throw this retort, and will leave them to analyze its meaning—you have hindered us by
spending your time and money foolishly and then you have asked us not to expose your sins.

The editors of every "CLINIC" deny themselves and work hard to perpetuate that
evidence of college life, the College Annual.

Fellow students, cherish your College Annuals. The evening hours of life are made
happier by memory of the successes of the morning.

THE EDITORS.



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Names of the Contributors to "The Clinir," 1911

Literature

Dr. Charles Simon	Hamilton, '11
Judge in Prize Essay Contest	Poisal, '12
Man, '12	Class Historians
Sweet, '12	Hanna, '12
"B. Armford"	Heller, '13
Coughlin, '12	Smith, '14

The Unknown for whom we are not responsible.

Art

Wyatt, '12	Swint, '11
Sweet, '12	Harmer, '11
Levine, '12	Flynn, '11
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Nathaniel Garland Keirle, A. M., M.D., Sc.D.

THE man to whom this book is respectfully dedicated, was born in Baltimore, October 10, 1833.

Dr. Keirle was educated in several private schools in his early youth; he later attended St. Mary's Seminary, now St. Mary's College, on Paeca Street and Druid Hill Avenue. From this school he was sent to Public School No. 6, then on Ross Street, now Druid Hill Avenue, near Biddle Street. He was then passed to the High School, now the City College. After being here for a short time, he entered Dickinson College, passed through the preparatory and Collegiate departments, spent five years at Carlisle, and graduated second in his class in 1855. Having obtained his A. B. degree, he returned to Baltimore.

On his return his thoughts were turned to the study of law; on inquiry he was informed that he was too old to study law. His age then was twenty-two. Thinking that he was not bad enough to enter the ministry, there was nothing left to do but study medicine.

He became an office student of Dr. Miltenberger and remained under his preceptorship for two years, at the same time attending lectures at the University of Maryland.

For meritorious and efficient services during a typhus fever epidemic at the Baltimore Almshouse, he was awarded a gold medal and certificate by the trustees, and the Mayor of Baltimore City.

Leaving the Almshouse, he took up for a short time the practice of a friend near Gettysburg. After the battle of Gettysburg he served the sick and wounded in the hospital at Gettysburg. During his faithful work here he himself became quite ill. He, therefore, returned to Baltimore, his condition regarded very serious, his trouble being pleurisy, but tuberculosis being suspected. After several months elapsed he was able again to undertake his work.

Having recovered his health, he opened an office on West Franklin Street. For a while he took up work in dermatology in connection with the Special Dispensary, then located at the northeast corner of Saratoga and North Streets.

In March, 1881, he was secured as Physician in Charge at the City Hospital Dispensary. He was soon after appointed Demonstrator and later Lecturer on Pathology and Medical Jurisprudence. In 1894 he was elected Professor in these departments. He resigned the chair of Pathology in 1902, continuing to hold the chair of Medical Jurisprudence.

For many years Dr. Keirle has also held the position of Medical Examiner and Post-Mortem Physician for the City of Baltimore. His unsurpassed attainments in medical jurisprudence have been frequently drawn upon in this work, and especially when called upon as expert witness in our courts.

Dr. Keirle now possesses a record of over two thousand cases, while the total number of post-mortems which he conducted numbers over three thousand.

Since the opening of the Pasteur Institute he has been its director, and indeed it is in this department that his life's work has been done. The record of his work will be found in a volume, "Studies in Rabies."

His work reflects the honesty of a true student of science and this distinguishes his daily life. For years he has come to his laboratory at the same hour, day after day, year after year, without a day's holiday.

Dr. Keirle withdrew from general practice many years ago, but his wide knowledge of medicine has stood him in good stead in the treatment of the large number of those whom he has had under his care in the Pasteur Institute.

Dr. Keirle was married January 5, 1870, to Mary Elizabeth Jones. Three children were his domain—two daughters, who died in infancy, and one son. His son Nathaniel Garland Keirle, Jr., a devoted son, followed his father's footsteps in the study of medicine, graduating from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1899, with the highest honors. He distinguished himself at the Baltimore City Hospital, Hebrew Hospital and at Bay View Asylum, as resident physician. He assisted his father in the work of the Pasteur Institute. He died January 5, 1908, of pneumonia, aged thirty-three and one-half years.

To return to the elder—neither age nor sorrow has dimmed the brilliancy of his wit or embittered his genial good humor. Both are pervaded by the same kind, benign and tender spirit which has won for him the affection and love of his patients, his pupils, his assistants and his colleagues.

It is to him that we wish to dedicate this token of the Class of 1911, with the sincerest wish and gratitude of the Editor-in-Chief and his Board.

GROVER C. SWEET.

The above is taken from Dr. H. Friedenwald's Biographical Sketch of Dr. Keirle, June 7, 1909, with permission of Dr. H. Friedenwald.

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(1) CHARLES F. BEVAN, M.D.

Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery, Clinical and Genito-Urinary Surgery and
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(2) WILLIAM SIMON, PH.D., M.D.

Professor of Chemistry.

(3) JOHN W. CHAMBERS, M.D., Sc.D.

Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery and Clinical Surgery.

(4) NATHANIEL G. KEIRLE, A.M., M.D., Sc.D.

Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Director of Pasteur Institute.

(5) WILLIAM F. LOCKWOOD, M.D.

Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine.

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Professor of Ophthalmology and Otology.

(9) ARCHIBALD C. HARRISON, M.D.

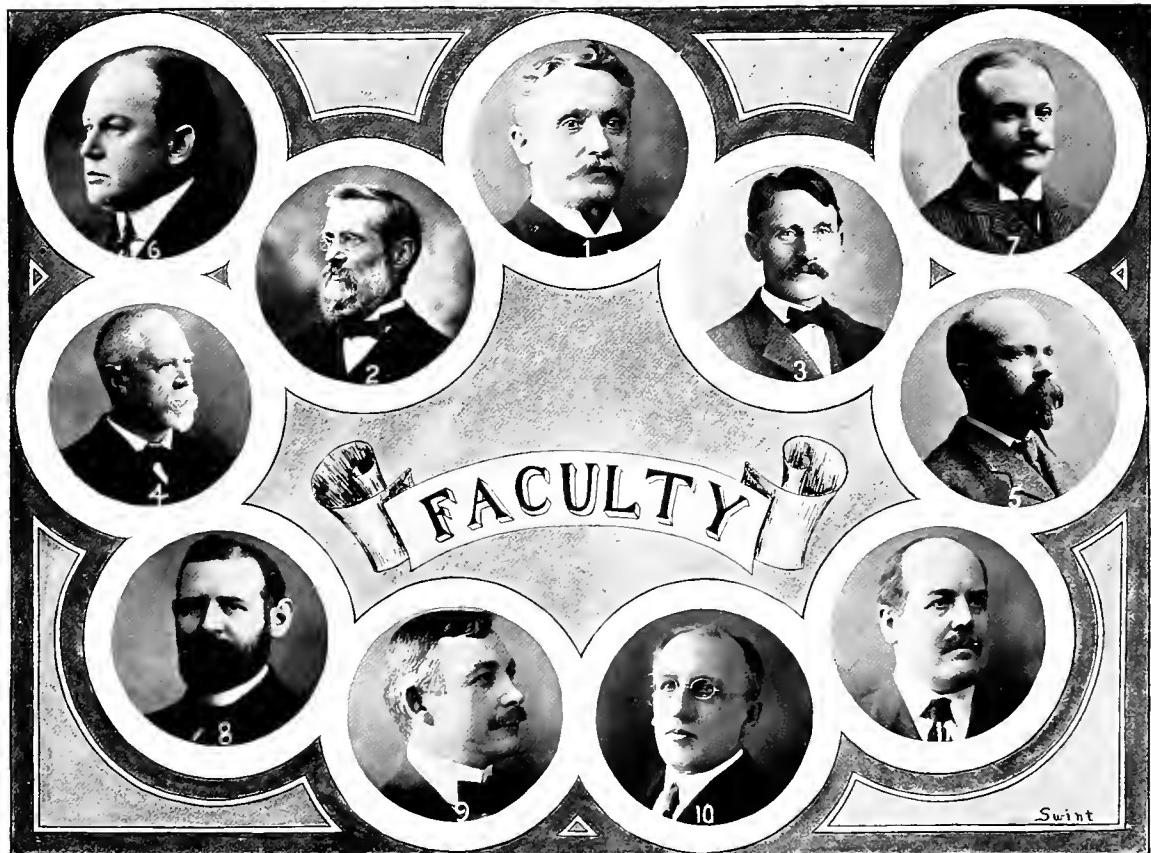
Professor of Anatomy and Clinical Surgery.

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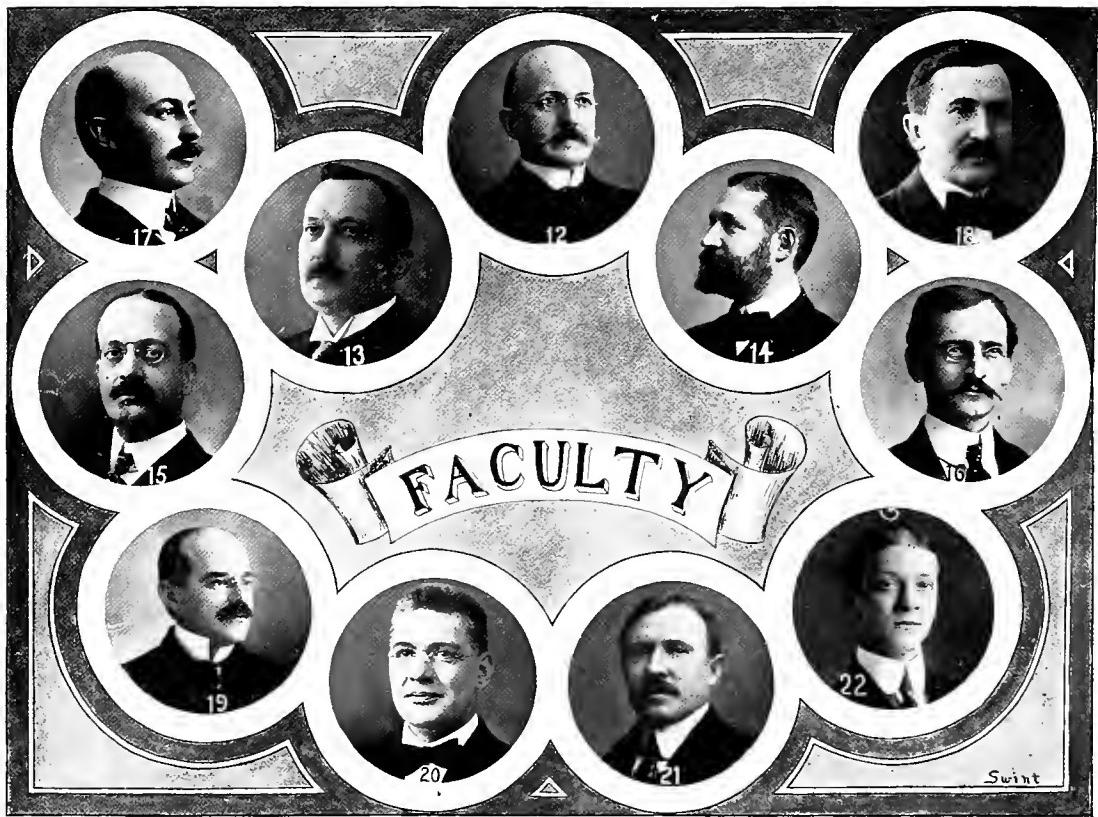
(11) WILLIAM S. GARDNER, M.D.

Professor of Gynaecology.



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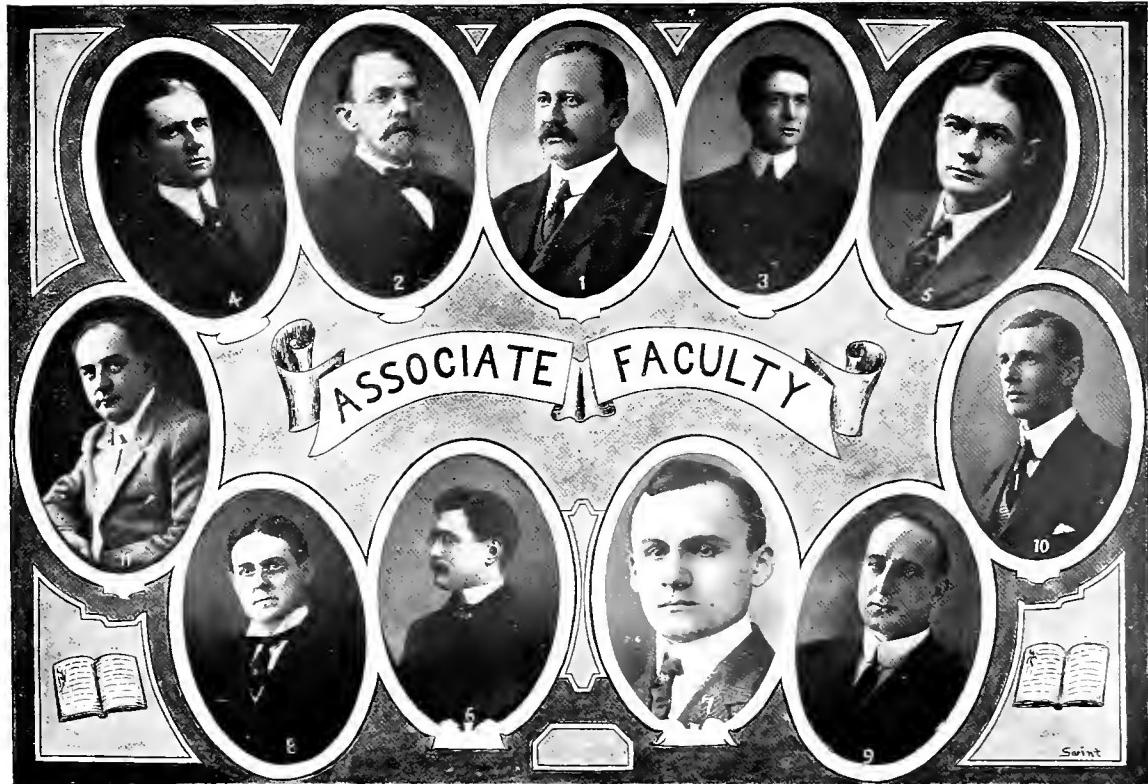
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- (22) ALBERTUS COTTON, M.D.
Clinical Professor of Orthopedic Surgery and Radiography.



Swint

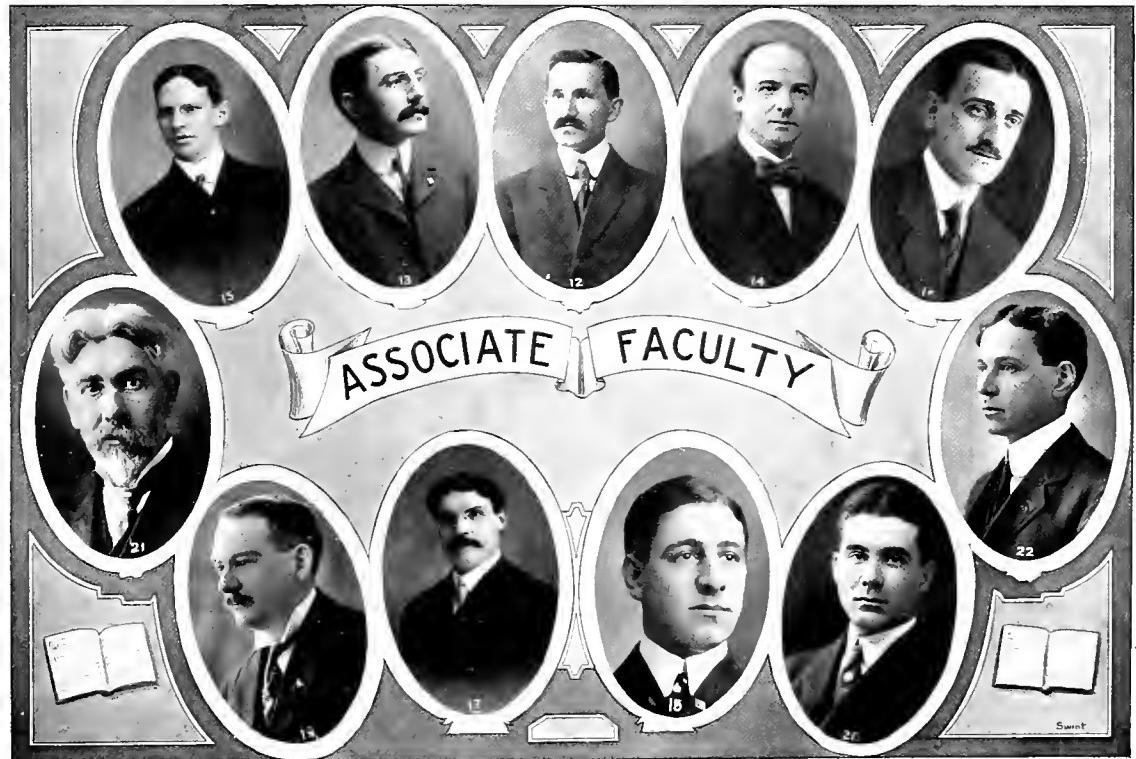
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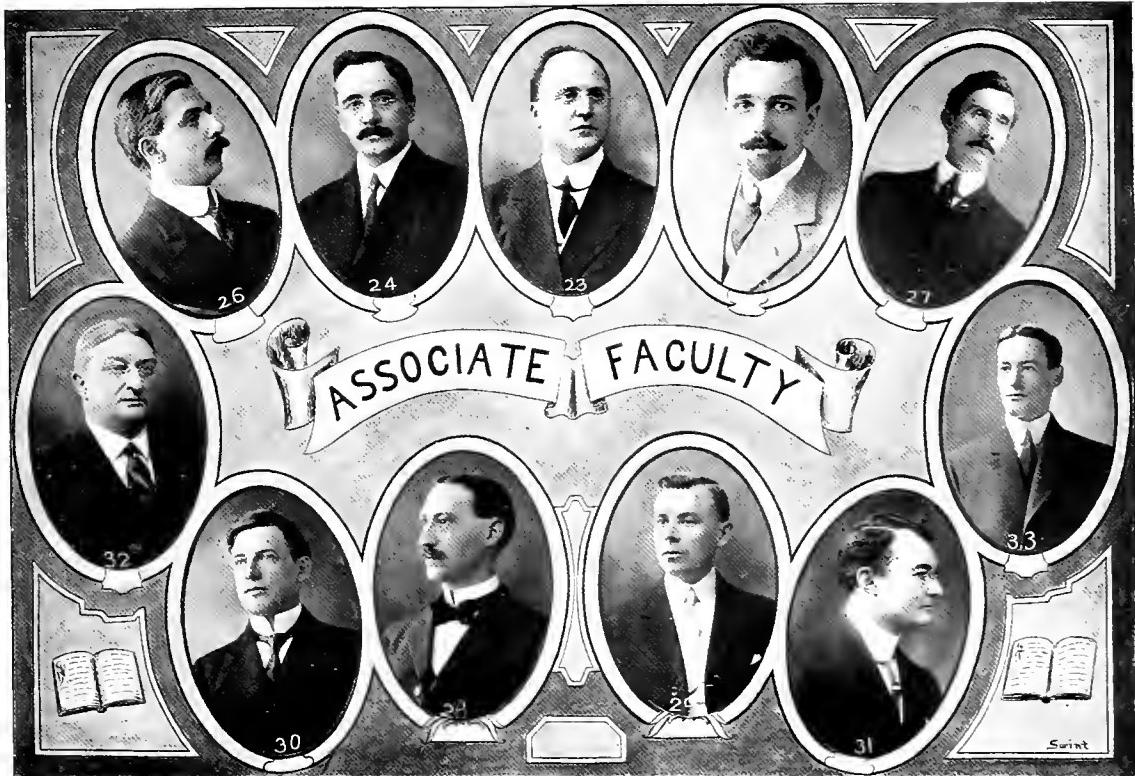
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- (14) GEORGE W. MITCHELL, M.D.
Associate Professor of Diseases of Nose, Throat, Chest and Clinical Medicine.
- (15) W. EDWARD MAGRUDER, B.S., M.D.
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- (16) ALFRED ULLMAN, M.D.
Associate Professor of Anatomy and Assistant in Surgery.
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Associate Professor of Medicine, Demonstrator in Clinical Laboratory.
- (18) LEWIS J. ROSENTHAL, M.D.
Associate in Medicine.
- (19) ARTHUR G. BARRETT, M.D.
Associate in Surgery.
- (20) WALTER D. WISE, M.D.
Lecturer on Osteology and Associate in Surgery.
- (21) W. MILTON LEWIS, M.D.
Assistant in Clinical Laboratory.
- (22) WILLIAM C. STIFLER, M.D.
Assistant Demonstrator and Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy and Embryology.



Associate Faculty Members

- (23) OTTO SCHAEFER, M.D.
Demonstrator of Eye and Ear Diseases.
- (24) JOHN WADE, M.D.
Demonstrator in Chemical Laboratory.
- (25) T. FREDK. LEITZ, M.D.
Associate in Gastro-Enterology.
- (26) H. K. FLECKENSTEIN, M.D.
Assistant in Eye and Ear Department.
- (27) A. LEE ELLIS, M.D.
Assistant in Diseases of Children.
- (28) GILBERT F. BUXTON, M.D.
Assistant in Diseases of Children.
- (29) J. G. ONNEN, PH.G., M.D.
Instructor in Chemistry.
- (30) HENRY L. WHITTLE, M.D.
Lecturer on Physiological Chemistry.
- (31) ANTON G. RYTINA, M.D.
Associate in Genito-Urinary Surgery.
- (32) SPENCER M. FREE, A.M., M.D.
Special Lecturer on Medical Ethics and Economics.
- (33) FRANCIS W. JANNEY, M.D.
Demonstrator on Eye and Ear Diseases.



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Lecturer on Anesthesia and Assistant Demonstrator in Anatomy.

J. STAIGE DAVIS, M.D.

Demonstrator in Surgery.

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Demonstrator in Histology and Pathology.

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Assistant in Orthopaedic Surgery and Radiography.

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Assistant in Clinical Medicine and Laboratory.

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Assistant in Physiology.

F. W. HACHTEL, M.D.

Assistant in Bacteriology.

BENJ. A. McCLEARY, M.D.

Assistant in Histology and Pathology.

The members of the Associate Faculty whose pictures do not appear herein have been omitted, due to the fact that the Committee has been unable to secure them.

Doctors

'T is quite the thing to say and sing
Gross libels on the doctor,
To picture him an orge grim
Or humbug pill concocter;
Yet it's quite in another light
My friendly pen would show him,
Glad that it may with verse repay
Some part of what I owe him.

When one's all right, he's prone to spite,
The doctor's peaceful mission;
But when he's sick, it's loud and quick
He bawls for a physician.
With other things, the doctor brings
Sweet babes, our hearts to soften.
Though I have four, I pine for more,
Good doctor, pray, come often!

What though he sees death and disease
Run riot all around him?
Patient and true and valorous too,
Such have I always found him.
Where'er he goes, he soothes our woes;
And when skill's unavailing
And death is near, his words to cheer
Support our courage failing.

If there were need, I could proceed
Ad nans, with this prescription,
But, inter nos, a larger dose
Mights give you fits connipition;
Yet ere I end, there's one dear friend
I'd hold before these others
For he and I, in years gone by
Have chummed around like brothers.

In ancient days they used to praise
The god-like art of healing,
An art that then engaged all men
Possessed of sense and feeling.
Why, Raleigh, he was glad to be
Famed for a quack elixir;
And Digby sold, as we are told,
A charm for folk, lovesick, sir.

Napoleon knew a thing or two
And clearly *he* was partial
To doctors, for in time of war
He chose one for a marshal.
In our great cause a doctor was
The first to pass death's portal,
And Warren's name at once became
A beacon and immortal.

A heap, indeed, of what we read
By doctors is provided;
For to those groves Apollo loves
Their leaning is decided.
Deny who may that Rabelais
Is first in wit and learning,
And yet all smile and marvel while
His brilliant leaves they're turning.

How Lever's pen has charmed all men!
How touching Rab's short story!
And I will stake my all that Drake
Is still the schoolboy's glory.
A doctor man, it was began
Great Britain's great museum,
The treasures there are all so rare,
It drives we wild to see 'em.

There's Cuvier, Parr, and Rush; they are
Big monuments to learning.
To Mitchell's prose (how smooth it flows)
We all are fondly turning.
Tomes might be writ of that keen wit
Which Abenethy's famed for;
With bread-crumb pills be cured the ills
Most doctors now get blamed for.

In modern times the noble rhymes
Of Holmes, a great physician,
Have solace brought and wisdom taught
To hearts of all condition.
The sailor bound for Puget Sound
Finds pleasure still unfailing,
If he but troll the bacarole
Old Osborne wrote on whaling.

Together we have sung in glee
The song old Horace made for
Our genial craft, together quaffed
What bowls that doctor paid for;
I love the rest, but love him best;
And were not times so pressing
I'd buy and send—you smile old friend?
Well, then, here goes my blessing.

SELECTED.

A Wish

Where I now stand at it's pebbled rim,
I often think how sweet 'twould be,
If I could swim and swim and swim
Across the dark and angry sea.
Farther than searching eye could see,
Carried and tost by the ocean's whim,
Then, as my fainting eyes grew dim,
To hear thy dear voice calling me,
And reach at last the shore and thee.

—C. G. H.

FRESHMAN



Freshmen Class Officers

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<i>Vice-President</i>	A. J. GILLIS
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	J. B. WEBSTER
<i>Secretary</i>	H. R. McNAIR
<i>Treasurer</i>	E. E. MAYER
<i>Historian</i>	F. G. STRAHAN
<i>Sergeants-at-Arms</i>	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> { E. T. LAKE </div> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center; margin-top: 10px;"> { J. O. WILLIAMS </div>

Freshmen Class Roll

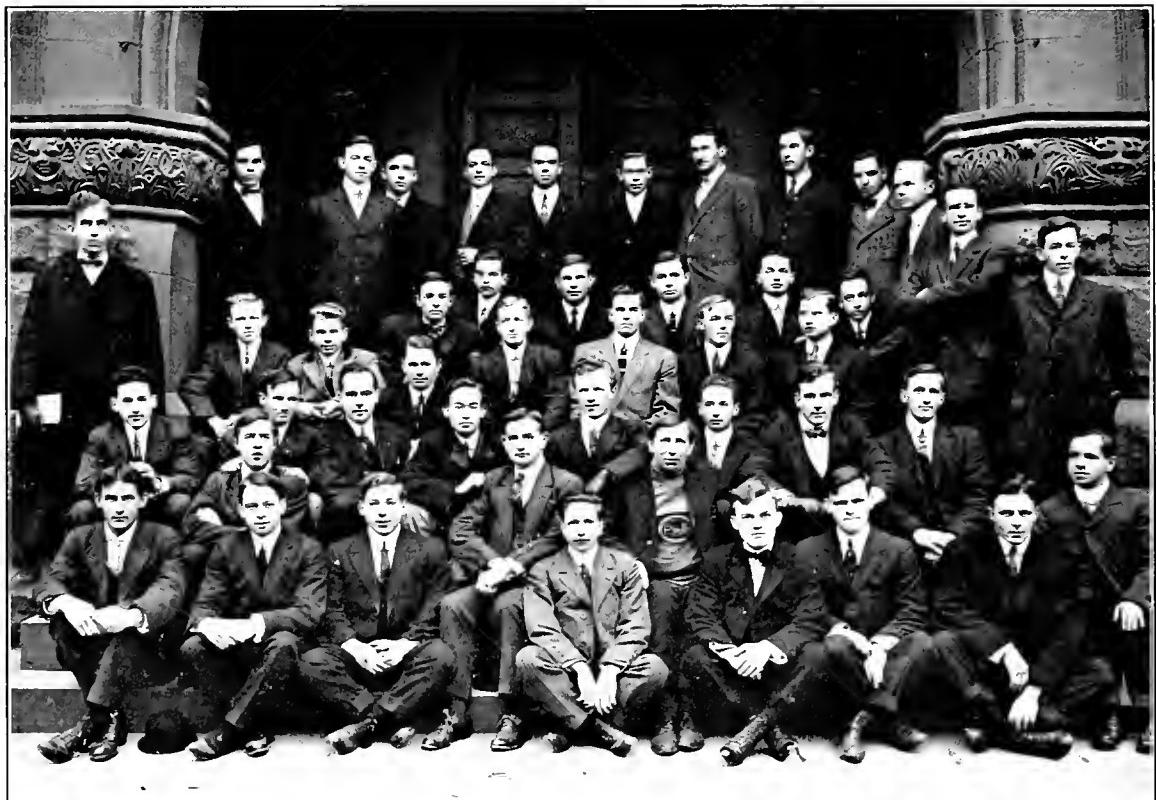
ARANKI, SALAMET I.	Palestine	COBHAM, JAMES L.	New York
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BERMAN, HYMAN S.	Connecticut	GORDON, ATTIE T.	West Virginia
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CRAMER, LEONA L.	Pennsylvania	GOMEZ, ALPHONSA	Cuba
CONNERS, CHAS. A.	Connecticut	GILLIS, ALEX. J.	Pennsylvania
CREW, WM. L.	Maryland	GIARD, LEO A.	Connecticut
CATHER, RAE H.	West Virginia	HOSMER, MORRILL F.	Massachusetts

ADKINS I paid as much tuition as any one of the seniors and will sit where I please.

HORN, J. W. JR.	PennsyIvania	Virginia
HEILMAN, HOWARD C.	PennsyIvania	Cuba
HOLLAND, STANLEY H.	Maryland	Massachusetts
JOHNSON, W. E.	Maryland	New Jersey
KUHLMAN, HARRY S.	PennsyIvania	West Virginia
LOYOLA, JOSE A.	Puerto Rico	New York
LANGIER, AUGUSTINE	New Jersey	New Jersey
LIPSKY, JOSEPH	Maryland	Delaware
LAKE, ESLEY T.	PennsyIvania	Pennsylvania
LEVESQUE, GEGRGE A.	Massachusetts	Pennsylvania
MARQUEZ, JOSEPH R.	Puerto Rico	Pennsylvania
MAYER, ERVIN E.	Maryland	West Virginia
MAHER, JOHN E.	New Jersey	West Virginia
MEYER, ABRAHAM I.	Connecticut	Puerto Rico
MILLER, L. G.	Maryland	Connecticut
MELLOR, ROYAL B.	Maryland	Massachusetts
McGINLEY, WINTHROP E.	Connecticut	West Virginia
McNAIR, HUGH R.	New York	Rhode Island
McCLUNG, ALVIN	West Virginia	West Virginia
NOONAN, LEO J.	Connecticut	
NOLAND, STACY T.		
ODIO, EDWARDO		
PARKER, ROBERT H.		
ROSENTHAL, HARRY W.		
RICHARDSON, WM. B.		
SCIMECA, SALVATORE		
STRAHAN, FRANK G.		
SWAIN, CHARLES B.		
SHETTER, ANDREW G.		
SCHWEITZER, CHAS. W.		
STEELL, PAUL B.		
STEELE, BYRON W.		
SHIRKEY, IVY G.		
VEGA, LOUIS B.		
WEST, HENRY G.		
WEBSTER, JOHN B.		
WILLIAMS, JAMES		
WALL, DAVID M.		
WALKER, R. H.		



ANDERSON—Others from Utah have come to be great doctors and why should not I?



History of Freshmen Class

In writing the history of the Freshmen Class, the writer approaches the subject with unfeigned trepidation. How can one, in the limited space allotted, recount the many marvelous exploits and achievements of this remarkable body.

We will relate no incidents, as have many of our predecessors, which would make

"Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Kind reader, deal gently with the "round unvarnished tale" which will serve to show "the even tenor of our way."

The sweet, calm sunshine of early October beheld new arrivals at P. & S., like Portia's suitors, from the four corners of the earth. These men composed the "Class of 1914."

Realizing that they were in a treacherous environment where danger—in the form of sophs—lurked behind each pillar, the class organized by appointing temporary officers.

A way was then devised to arouse enthusiasm among the classmen. This resolved itself into a theatre-party for the class. The men attended in a body and witnessed a very edifying production which if not classic was at least "classy." This performance was chosen not merely for entertainment, but for its educational qualities.

At the conclusion of the play, the class, with fluttering pennants, marched through the crowded thoroughfares visiting the chief places of interest in the city. Ever and anon rang forth "the college yell." Joy was effulgent and enthusiasm prevailed!

BANNISTER—Did any lecturer say anything that I did not hear?

When returning home all agreed that it had been one glorious occasion. Confidence then abounded and the future looked bright indeed!

Soon the sophs thought to dampen our ardor and reduce us to humility by promulgating rules which they were pleased to call the "Ten Commandments for Freshmen."

The obnoxious laws being repeatedly violated a rush was precipitated. This was but a mere skirmish which was interrupted by the police. However, the next morning (Oct. 18th) a second outbreak occurred when the sophs attempted to enforce the first commandment, which required the freshmen to enter by the back door of the college building.

The sophs had garrisoned the front entrance and commissioned a small detachment ("the forlorn hope") to an upper window where, armed with hose, they were prepared to drench the combatants below on Saratoga Street.

The freshmen stormed the doors, fighting their way through a deluge from the windows above, they struggled nobly on, and victory seemed assured, when the police a second time interposed.

A patrolman--to his eternal credit be it said--displayed bravery which honored the police department of the city. Without aid other than his trusty revolver, he succeeded in holding the howling mob at bay until reinforcements arrived. Thus ended the second and last "rush."

A detachment of fifteen police-sergeants were stationed near the college. This discouraged any further attempt to subordinate the dauntless freshmen. The commandments were abandoned, and the freshmen have since been unmolested.

After these eventful times a second meeting was called and permanent officers elected. This consisted in ratifying the former appointment of P. B. Steel as president. The staff being:

President, Paul B. Steel; 1st Vice-President, Alexander J. Gillis; 2d Vice-President, John B. Webster; Secretary, Hugh R. McNair; Treasurer, Ervin E. Mayer; Historian, Frank G. Strahan; Sergeants-at-Arms, Esley T. Lake and James O. Williams.

All excitement over the men settled down to a rigid routine, and with the greatest avidity commenced their studies. Although the obstacles encountered were occasionally disheartening they kept at it and surmounted them all--making record-breaking averages in the mid-year examinations.

After the "Chrismas Holidays" the class commenced dissecting and immediately fell in love with their work. The result is that beautiful dissections are in evidence, and clever anatomists abundant.

BEALE—I would just like to recite for that fellow. It is strange that he cannot learn this.

The last occasion for recreation before the "grind" for the final examinations was on the evening of February twenty-first. This was the college night at the Auditorium where students and faculty enjoyed the musical comedy of "Jumping Jupiter."

The building was beautifully decorated with purple and old gold, while banners streamed from all conspicuous places. College spirit was rampant. Here, as usual, the Freshmen contributed largely to the success of the occasion. Many were accompanied by fair damsels. The remainder occupied a block and by their appearance and demeanor were a credit to the college.

So ends the brief and modest narration of the adventures and achievements of the Freshmen Class.

Would that we could follow it to the time when its auspicious members may "read their history in a nation's eyes!"

FRANK G. STRAHAN.



BENNETT—The police force in Fayetteville is a h——— of a good man.



SOPHMORE



Sophomore Class Officers

<i>President</i>	-----	E. D. SILVER
<i>Vice-President</i>	-----	V. O. HUMPHREYS
<i>Secretary</i>	-----	J. F. MUMFORD, JR.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-----	THOS. J. TOBIN
<i>Historian</i>	-----	JOS. D. FALLON
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	-----	J. S. DIXON

Sophomore Class Roll

ABERSOLD, GEO. W.	West Virginia	CARRERA, MANUEL	Puerto Rico
BARNES, LOUIS D.	Massachusetts	COBIAN, JOSEPH	Puerto Rico
BUETTNER, H. F., JR.	Maryland	DUNN, HUGH	West Virginia
BROWN, WALTER L.	Georgia	Dwyer, FRANK	New Jersey
BERNABE, RAFAEL	Puerto Rico	DAY, J. EDWARD	Utah
BELL, CARL W.	North Carolina	DIXON, JAMES S.	Pennsylvania
BLACK, W. P.	West Virginia	DRAUGHN, D. M.	Mississippi
BAMBRICK, WM. T.	West Virginia	EASTON, J.	West Virginia
BRENNAN, JOHN G.	West Virginia	ELLIOTT, G. B.	Pennsylvania
BERNARD, ALBERTO	Central America	ENFIELD, SAMUEL E.	Maryland
CROFTON, GEORGE	Massachusetts	ELLIS, JOSEPH J.	Maryland
Craig, SAMUEL A.	Maryland	FALLON, JOSEPH D.	Connecticut

BIFFAR—A strong fish diet is responsible for my intellectual powers.

FIAŁKOWSKI, S. J.	Maryland	MYLES, W. E.	West Virginia
FLEMING, PAUL N.	Pennsylvania	McKINNEY, HAROLD N.	Maryland
FLORA, ERNEST F.	Virginia	NEUS, CHAS. F.	Maryland
FLOYD, F. P.	West Virginia	O'BRIAN, JOSEPH G.	Maryland
FINNERTY, CHAS. W.	Massachusetts	PEFFER, GEORGE R.	Pennsylvania
GATTIE, WM. J.	Pennsylvania	PELUSIO, AUGUST N.	New Jersey
GARLAND, ROBERT B.	Connecticut	PELOSA, JOSEPH L.	New York
GINTY, WM.	Maryland	QUINN, RAYMOND J.	Massachusetts
HERNANDEZ, MIGUEL	Cuba	REINA, SOLOMON	Palestine
HELLER, ISIDOR	Georgia	RUSMISSELLE, LESLIE T.	Virginia
HARBERT, E. FOREST	West Virginia	SHEA, RICHARD	Rhode Island
HUMPHREYS, V. O.	Pennsylvania	SILVER, E. DREW	New Jersey
HANKEY, ELMER H.	Pennsylvania	SEITZ, CLYDE L.	Pennsylvania
HARTT, PERCY P.	N. B.	SENKEWITZ, ALEXANDER	Maryland
JACKSON, KENNA	West Virginia	STUART, J. DEVER	West Virginia
JARRELL, DENNIS B.	West Virginia	SEGARRA, ELIAS	Puerto Rico
JANER, FERNAND H.	Maryland	STERNER, BURTON L.	Pennsylvania
JONES, DAVID R.	West Virginia	SCHAPIRO, WM. B.	Maryland
KELLY, BERNARD V.	Maryland	SMYSER, WM. J.	Pennsylvania
KERR, NORWIN L.	Pennsylvania	SANCHEZ, ARMANDA	Cuba
LARSEN, AUBREY N.	Utah	SMITH, PAT'K F.	Rhode Island
LYNCH, J. F.	Massachusetts	STOCKHAMMER, R. J.	West Virginia
LAKE, WM. F.	West Virginia	TOBIN, THOS. J.	Massachusetts
LIVESAY, JAS. W.	West Virginia	WOODS, ROBERT P.	West Virginia
MARINO, CHAS. G.	New York	WELDON, EDWIN B.	Connecticut
MUMFORD, J. F., JR.	Massachusetts	WINDSOR, W. W.	Maryland
MOWRER, CHAS. L.	Pennsylvania	WYANT, JAMES E.	Pennsylvania

BRILHART—My slow and studious walk will win the confidence of my people.



History of Sophomore Class

When one attempts to narrate the doings of the class of 1913, he finds himself in a sea of perplexity. To mention all the activities in which this class has been engaged during its Sophomore Year would require a volume; therefore, your Historian can but touch upon the most important of them, and begs you to be lenient with him if he makes any serious omissions.

The Sophomores returned to College in the fall of 1910, and, after renewing old acquaintances, proceeded to devise ways and means for properly entertaining the Freshmen. Before anything could be done, however, they had to elect their class officers.

Monday, October the tenth, was the day appointed for the class election. Each party had its own favorites, and was sure of carrying off the victory, but a great surprise was in store for them, in the shape of a new party, the Independents. What Sophomore is there who can ever forget the eloquence of Dr. Ellis, when he spoke in behalf of them? Who is there who was not impressed by his sincerity, and the sound logic of his arguments! As an orator, he proved himself to be the rival of William Jennings Bryan. I remember well the closing words of his speech, as he named his choice for the presidency: "With good will to all, and with malice toward none, I nominate 'the noblest Roman of them all.'"

The following men were elected to office: President, Luis Janer; Vice-President, Victor O. Humphreys; Secretary, J. Frank Mumford; Treasurer, Kenna Jackson; Historian, Joseph D. Fallon; Sergeant-at-Arms, James S. Dixon.

The above election did not meet with the approval of the class as a whole, chiefly because of the overwhelming success of the Independents in securing the chief office. Indignation meetings were held, and much dissatisfaction was heard. The result was that the first board tendered its resignation, and a new election was held, the result of which was as follows: President, E. Drew Silver; Vice-President, Victor O. Humphreys; Secretary, J. Frank Mumford; Treasurer, Thomas Tobin; Historian, Joseph D. Fallon; Sergeant-at-Arms, James S. Dixon.

BROWN—My grey hair and my work on the "Clinic" ought to save me from any editorial thrust.

A committee was next chosen to discuss what should be done with the Freshmen, who had not yet learned their right place, and who, therefore, needed to have it pointed out to them by their superiors, the Sophomores. After a careful consideration of the matter, the committee drew up the following rules:

COMMANDMENTS TO THE FRESHMEN.

- I. All Freshmen shall come in the back door of the college building.
- II. Shall always take back seats.
- III. Shall not smoke cigars around college building.
- IV. Shall address all upper class men as doctors.
- V. Shall wear no beard or moustache.
- VI. Shall not sit on front steps.
- VII. Shall not have class picture taken until after Christmas.
- VIII. Shall abide by rules laid down in the dissecting room.
- IX. Shall enter class rooms by upper doors.
- X. Shall wear caps with red buttons until after Christmas.

These commandments were presented by the committee to the Freshman Class President, who promised allegiance and obedience to the Sophomores for the coming year. But the feelings of the Freshies were much ruffled by the thoughts of wearing those hateful red buttons, and one day they summoned up courage enough to appear without them.

This was the signal for an attack. In order to prevent the Freshmen from gaining admittance to the college building, the Sophomores had assembled at the main entrance, and formed a formidable phalanx. The Freshmen, meanwhile, had formed a column on Calvert Street, and started in to storm the citadel. Their feeble attack had but small effect upon the strong Sophomores. Nothing daunted, however, they rushed up again, and again they were driven back. At this moment reinforcements from an unexpected quarter came to the assistance of the Sophomores. Two lines of hose from the windows above were trained upon the luckless Freshies, who then were forced to beat a hasty retreat, leaving the Sophs victors of the field. Since that time the Freshies have been as docile and obedient as Freshmen should be.

BRADLEY —I love the name Eddie Burke.

After this affair, the Sophomores settled down to work in earnest. A bewildering array of "oligies" confronted them, the very names of which were new to them. Many hours of concentrated effort, and much burning of the midnight oil, has been required to master the secrets of these subjects. There is no need to mention the high standing in scholarship this class maintains. It is enough to say in passing that the Freshmen have a very hard task before them if they try to come up to it.

A day which broke up the monotony of hard daily work, was the day on which the class picture was taken. After it had been taken, the class went to dinner at a nearby hotel. Class spirit and a feeling of good fellowship prevailed. Toasts were drunk to Alma Mater, and to the health of all the members of the class. After this, all went to the theatre, where they brought the college atmosphere, and enjoyed one another's companionship more than the performance.

The last grand function of the year was the annual theatre party. The Sophomores turned out to a man, and, with their friends of the fair sex, enjoyed the performance of "Jumping Jupiter."

In closing this brief history of the class of 1913, the historian wishes to observe that the misfortunes commonly attributed to the number "13" have not followed this class, and that the class of 1913, instead of being an unlucky one, as superstition might lead one to believe, is the best one that ever entered college. Long life to it!

J. D. FALLON, Hist. 1913.



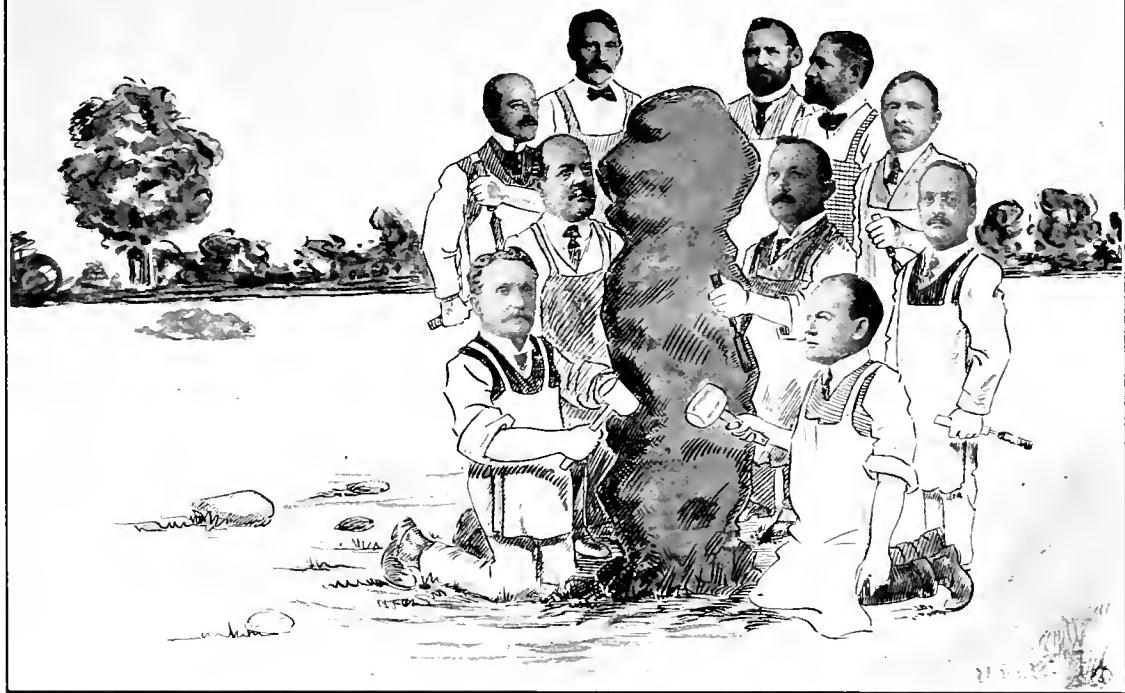
BURKE—If you see anything funny show it to me.

The Difference.

O₂ H₁ is but a gas,
That turns dark night to day,
It shows the straight and narrow path,
And lights you on your way.

But should this gas with H₂O
You demand at each bar sighted,
Your straight path home will be a curve,
You will be lit, as well as lighted.

JUNIOR



Junior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	-----	L. DALE JOHNSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	-----	NORMAN B. REESER
<i>Secretary</i>	-----	WM. T. DRISCOLL
<i>Treasurer</i>	-----	J. E. MENDELSON
<i>Historian</i>	-----	J. S. CRAIG
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	-----	JOS. M. SPINKS

Junior Class Roll

ADKINS, ASA W.	West Virginia	CHALLENGER, J. C.	Pennsylvania
ANDERSON, ANDREW A.	Utah	CORSON, LINNIE H.	New Jersey
BENNETT, E. C., JR.	West Virginia	COUGHLIN, CHAS. F.	New York
BANNISTER, J. H.	West Virginia	CHRISTOPHERSON, W.	Utah
BRILLHART, HARRY L.	Pennsylvania	COLGAN, WALTER J.	Connecticut
BEAL, DAVID O.	Utah	CHAMPE, NILE G.	West Virginia
BIFFAR, HARRY M.	New York	CANAVAN, JOHN F.	Rhode Island
BRADLEY, JOHN L.	New Jersey	COSTANZO, RALPH E.	Connecticut
BURKE, JOHN E.	Rhode Island	CREWS, ALBERT W.	West Virginia
BROWN, JOSEPH S.	Pennsylvania	DRISCOLL, WM. T.	Connecticut
COOPER, EVERETT R.	West Virginia	ENSLOW, WM. C.	West Virginia
CRAIG, J. S.	West Virginia	EISNER, MAURICE S.	Massachusetts
CHARPENTIER, C. J.	Massachusetts	EVANS, ALEX. M.	Maryland

CANAVAN—Can I ever stand it to be separated from Keough?

FRIEDMAN, LOUIS M.	New York	O'BRIAN, THOMAS J.	Rhode Island
FRIEDMAN, LOUIS	Maryland	PAUL, FRANK	Maryland
GOLDSTEIN, A. E.	Connecticut	POISAL, JOHN W., JR.	Maryland
HENDERSON, S. E.	West Virginia	POST, CECIL O.	West Virginia
HANNA, BENJAMIN S.	Maryland	QUILLAN, OTIS L.	Ohio
HORWITZ, MORRIS T.	Connecticut	ROBERTS, S. J.	Pennsylvania
HOLLAND, CALVIN A.	District of Columbia	REESER, NORMAN B.	Pennsylvania
IRELAND, RITCHIE A.	West Virginia	SWEET, GROVER C.	Connecticut
JANER, MANUEL	Maryland	SCHWARTZ, L. O.	Pennsylvania
JOHNSON, L. DALE	Pennsylvania	SHEAHAN, W. L., JR.	Connecticut
KIMSEY, FRITZ J.	Tennessee	SPINKS, JOS. M.	West Virginia
KOHLER, GEO. A., JR.	Pennsylvania	SHANNAN, A. C.	Pennsylvania
KEOUGH, PETER L.	Rhode Island	SULLIVAN, LEO J.	Massachusetts
KUHLMAN, M. W.	Pennsylvania	SMITH, EDWARD P.	Pennsylvania
KNAUBER, L. M.	Pennsylvania	SPEARMAN, JOHN F.	New Jersey
LONG, BENJAMIN H.	Pennsylvania	SOOY, JOHN L.	New Jersey
LEBERKNIGHT, V. B.	Pennsylvania	SPANGLER, PAUL C.	West Virginia
LEVINE, SINCLAIR S.	Connecticut	SALSBURY, CLARENCE G.	Canada
MENDELOFF, M. I.	New Jersey	SPROULS, GUY M.	Pennsylvania
MAN, ALBERT E.	Pennsylvania	SCOTT, GEO. V.	West Virginia
MENDELSON, J. E.	Pennsylvania	THOMPSON, EARLE X.	Maryland
McMAHON, WM. T.	Massachusetts	WYATT, Z. W.	West Virginia
MORRIS, SAMUEL J.	West Virginia	WILLIAMS, M. B.	West Virginia
NOONEY, JOHN D.	Maryland	WHEELER, G. B.	West Virginia
NORRIS, LESTER F.	Massachusetts	WILSON, JAMES E.	Pennsylvania

CHAMPE—If that man with the curly hair says a word to me I'll "swat" him.





History of Junior Class

The Class of 1912 has covered itself with glory on so many occasions that to write a full history of its achievements would require volumes. It is a class that has always been noted for doing things, and in all contests of a competitive nature in which class pride and spirit have called us to do battle, victory has been ours. Even when Freshmen, the rule that had before existed, of the first coursemen being made the whole show for the upper classmen, was reversed.

In October, 1908, we entered P. & S. for the first time, with much fear and a little trembling, for we were well informed as to some of the experiences a medical student must face.

It had been customary before this for the Sophomores to hand the Freshmen the worst end of the class rush, but when that event was pulled off the unexpected happened and we were recognized as winners by all except a few of the mutilated. From this time on we have been "the one best bet."

The Sophomores, disappointed at the results of the class rush, began their plans to take the annual championship baseball game and boasted before the game that they would win in a walk, but the score card of that game tells another story—"1911"—4, "1912"—5.

It is not necessary to give a detailed account of the class rush at the opening of the school year in 1909. It may be that we were stimulated by the other victories that had seen fit to perch upon the 1912 banner, and we may have prescribed more flour and water for the Freshmen than infants will tolerate, but at that time we had not enjoyed the advantages of Dr. Ruhrah's excellent lectures on Dietetics and Pediatrics.

In the ball game with the class of 1913 we were also successful, the game being so one-sided that it looked like a shame to take the money.

So anxious were we to become Juniors that most of us had enrolled before the term opened this year, but real work did not begin until a short time before the holidays. The immediate cause of our getting busy then

CHARPENTIER—"Here." Where?

was talk of the mid-year exams. The "cramming" process of obtaining knowledge has objectionable features when viewed in the theoretical light of a pedagogue, but for our purposes it has been found, to say the least, practicable. Results are what count and this method gets 'em, for all passed.

At the first class meeting this year the following were chosen Junior Class Officers: President, Dale Johnson, of Pennsylvania; Vice-President, Norman B. Reeser, of Pennsylvania; Secretary, William T. Driscoll, of Connecticut; Treasurer, J. E. Mendelsohn, of Pennsylvania; Historian, J. S. Craig, of West Virginia; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. M. Spinks, of West Virginia.

No one can claim for his State the largest enrollment, for Pennsylvania and West Virginia tie for first place, each having 18 men in the class. We have representatives from eleven states, the District of Columbia and Canada. We thus put ourselves on record as favoring Canadian reciprocity.

We do not claim to be "insurgents" at P. & S. but we do claim to be progressive. In our first year there were fifty-four enrolled in the class and now there are seventy-six. A number of men from other schools have been added to the list, and a few of the original line-up have gone elsewhere.

Although a great many pleasant moments have been ours while studying the difficult arts and sciences of medicine, we are not sorry to see three years of the work become history and only the Senior year before us.

It is unfortunate that we are to be cast out into the world as full-fledged M. D's in the middle of a leap year.

Judging from the evening of February 21st, at the Academy of Music, the prodromes of the fever that becomes epidemic on leap years only are already showing characteristic manifestations, and it is for next year's historian to give the percentage of mortality.

HISTORIAN, '12.



CHRISTOPHERSON—Fate has made me a medical man, but I should have been an orator.

The Junior

ALBERT E. MAN '12.

Junior! Ah, but 'tis a noble name
Here have we reached the pinnacle of fame,
'Tis here for three long years we fain did hope
And now we can dispense all kinds of dope;
Our bed is now of soft and balmy roses
What tho' we do give fishy diagnoses?
How dignified, how noble is our mien,
When we call liver small, enlarged spleen.
How confidently do we give large doses
Of standard cough cure in tuberculosis!
How quickly do we now call ophthalmitis
A compound fractured epididimitis.
On surgery we look with no alarm,
For ingrown toe nails amputate the arm;
The reason to the layman is not plain,
If we know the agony is referred pain,
And if it happened in the arm instead
We'd carefully then amputate the head.
Ah, there is nothing more for us to learn,
Use Lydia Pinkham's compound for a burn,
We know 'tis so; they've told us, if you please,
That it will heal no mortal man's disease,
And arguing from our pathology
We know a burn is but an injury.
Ah, medicine we know thee now by heart
And are prepared to play the doctor's part.



APR 16 1940

Senior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	JNO. V. O'CONNER
<i>First Vice-President</i>	JOS. B. KILBOURNE
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	LOUIS V. WILLIAMS
<i>Secretary</i>	JOS. F. KEEGAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	WM. T. GOCKE
<i>Historian</i>	JNO. F. FLYNN, PH. G.
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	JOS. P. DEEREY

Executive Committee

EDW. J. PINKUS	JNO. F. HOGAN	B. H. SWINT
ROBT. E. S. KELLEY		SAM. ARONOVITZ



VICTOR AIMONE ("Vic")

New Jersey.

Vic hails from N. J. "across the bay." He first saw daylight in the "big city."

Vic is one of our benedicts and is some class. He likes to smoke and for pastime rolls cigarettes that are delicately flavored and sweetly odoriferous. The men of his class rank him as a favorite. He will do interne service in one of the hospitals of his home state, and will specialize in Pediatrics.

KARL ALLISON ("Al"), ΦΒΠ

West Newton, Pa.

Full fledged member of the "Go Easy Club." Spends his off time reading fiction and chewing Polar Bear. His motto is, "Cheer up, boys, there is no h—."





SAMUEL ARONOVITZ ("Sammy")

Florida.

Sammy is one of the front row men of the class. The rushes he has made to gain that point of advantage may have been the cause of his smooth crown.

He will make a special study of hydrophobia, and will become a pupil of Pasteur after he graduates.

F. J. AYD ("Frank")

Baltimore, Md.

Frank is always present. He is a chemist of great renown, at present being affiliated with Dr. W. Simon.

Frank is slim, of medium height, and walks with his hands in his pockets. When not otherwise occupied he stands on the corner of Calvert and Saratoga Streets.





NEIL HERBERT BAILEY, Φ X

Connecticut.

Vice-President, '08-'09.

Neil is a "nutmegger" and the son of Bill Bailey, each fact contributing to his popularity. He was vice-president of the class during the sophomore year and when presiding at a meeting was able to keep Zurcher from monopolizing the floor. In his home town he was manager of a drug store where he learned this bit of wisdom concerning dosage: "The larger the man the bigger the pill."

M. W. BIGELOW

Utah

He was kicked off a ranch by a bucking broncho. At eighteen years of age he was learned enough to teach a district school, which vocation he followed for ten years. Higher ideals led him to the University of Utah where he began the study of medicine. He came east two years ago and has certainly done faithful work here. We must say that Bigelow will go back to Utah a wiser man.





C. J. BAUMGARTNER, Φ X

Georgia.

The dry condition of Georgia's atmosphere has exerted a definite influence upon our congenial friend.

Just how he has maintained his excellent reputation under the distracting influences of the Barelay Street crowd is hard to explain. His quiz record is unusually good and has created favorable comment alike from faculty and students.

F. H. BROWN

Beaver, W. Va.

The most married man in the class. He believes in doing the right thing and keeping Hamilton in chewing tobacco. Is Trippett's guardian angel and chief adviser. Wears the same old smile from day to day and believes in it.





JNO. W. CALLAHAN ("Cally"), Φ X

Norwich, Conn.

Secretary, '09-'10.

The worst that can be said of Callie is that he is fickle. He would like to be true but has lost the (Power). A general good humor wins for him a wide circle of friends.

Some day this young man will be a great surgeon.

B. H. COOPER ("Ben"), Φ Λ E

New York.

Ben comes to us from the University of Pennsylvania. He has an argumentative nature, and is noted for long histories and diagnoses on inspection.

He is growing an embryo moustache. He owes much of his cleverness to Fabian, who has taught him to play the violin.





JOSEPH P. DEERY, KΨ

Baltimore, Md.

Deery is one of the Baltimoreans that appreciate the importance of P. and S.
Just for that we wish him success.

DAVID DEUTSCHMAN

New York.

David is a contribution of Fordham Medical College and is able to hold his own in spite of the machination of "The Great Triumvirate." We know very little about him but he looks good enough to pass without adverse crititeism.





E. K. DIGHT ("Fats"), ΣΦΕ

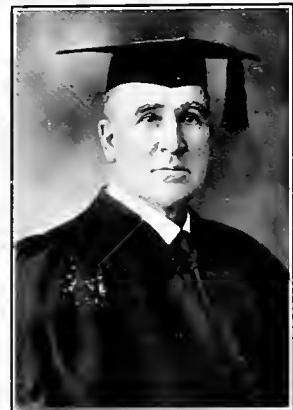
Pennsylvania.

This is our soft-spoken, big, sweet-mannered, infant prodigy. Fats is a wizard with the ladies, and prefers telephone operators. He smokes Pittsburg stogies, drinks lemonade, and is partial to Piper Heidsic. We all love Eugene.

J. J. DUFFY, M. D.

Rosbys Rock, W. Va.

Dr. Duffy is with us this year for the purpose of reviewing Theoretical Medicine. He graduated in 1891 from the University of Maryland and has since then enjoyed a good practice in his home state. He says it is just about as difficult to go from a good practice to college, as to go from college to a good practice.





A. B. ECKERDT ("Blondy"), ΦΒΗ

Baltimore, Md.

Blondy hails from this noted town of monuments. He is our prized pathologist. He has nice wavy blonde hair which he parts in the middle, and is cute, but he has the bad habit of swiping stray pups.

H. F. EDMONSON, KΨ

Georgia.

This big man is one of those quiet fellows that rarely tells anything except when he is asked. So one might infer that he has stored a vast fund of knowledge.

"Happy are the people whose annals are brief."





HARRY FABIAN, ΦΛΕ

Alabama.

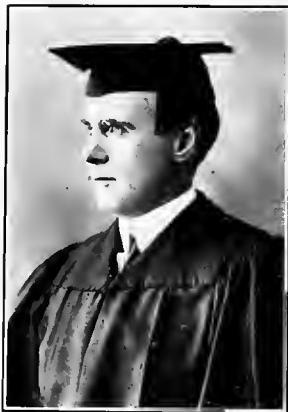
In this unique specimen Alabama gives us a most pleasing contribution. He is one of the new arrivals, having spent three years at the Birmingham Medical College. Harry claims attention on account of his happy expression which he always exhibits to advantage.

TRACY FARNAM ("Tracy")

New Haven, Conn.

One of our new men. He has decided that it is best that man should live alone, so at the Washington Apartments this humble man resides. His chief amusement is lunching with Kelley at Horn and Horn's. Occasionally he has a glass of milk with Waller at Huyle'r's.





JOHN F. FLYNN, Ph.G., X Z X

Bridgeport, Conn.

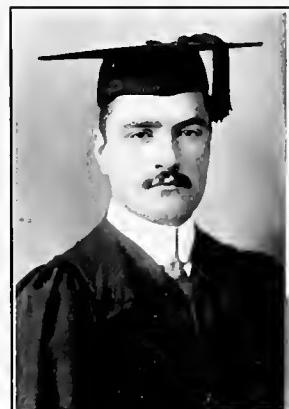
Literary Editor Clinic, '09-'10. Historian, '10-'11.

John has a future if he will only improve his chance. We understand that a certain nurse is going to help him. His preparatory work was done at Yale. He is one of the most active men of the class.

G. GAGGAOLI ("Gaggi or Count")

Costamala, N. Italy.

The Count is a wonder. The way he mutilates the English language is a crime. He denies affiliation with "The Black Hand," but we have our dark suspicions. He is big, dark, and smokes his own cigarettes. Any day he can be seen "doping out" the races.





CHAS. H. GANO ("Charlie")

Pittsburg, Pa.

Charlie is one of the few good looking men in our class and is very popular with the ladies.

He received his early education at Cincinnati, and now has a good chance to graduate at P. and S. with high grades. Charlie will specialize in Gynecology.

CLAUDE V. GAUTIER, K. Ψ

Huntington, W. Va.

Claude comes from a part of W. Va. that he says does not stand on edge, and is not inhabited entirely by bad men. If he is trying to mislead us that fact at least speaks well for his cleverness, for he has won our confidence.

He and Zinn blew over from W. V. U. two years ago and have been blowing around Baltimore ever since. He will probably blow back to W. Va. this summer and cause some change in certain local atmospheres.





W.M. T. GOCKE ("Bill"), X Z X

West Virginia.

Treasurer, '10-'11

Bill graduated from the Piedmont Hill School and then spent two years at Rock Hill College.

He is the comedian of the class and can be heard before each lecture selling his stock, which includes anything from corn plasters to "Little Bulls."

For the past year he has been located at the Nursery and Child's Hospital. He may specialize in Pediatrics.

A. C. HALL ("Arch"), KΨ

Buckhannon, W. Va.

Arch has had varied experiences. He taught in a college in his home town, he earned his letter playing on the football team at W. V. U., he has traveled over the length and breadth of this country, and is now enjoying the sweetness of conjugal bliss.

About the meanest thing we can say of him is that he is too proud of his physical strength.





EDWARD ST. CLAIR HAMILTON ("Raffles"), ΦΒΠ, KΑ

Fayetteville, W. Va.

Treasurer, '08-'09; Asst. Business Manager, "Clinic," '09-'10

Another of West Virginia's curios, a fond admirer of the fair sex, and a frequent visitor at Maryland College. When last seen he was wearing evening dress and was headed toward Lutherville with his marksman's medal dangling from a point midway between his shoulders. He has the bad habit of attending nine-course dinners and collecting souvenirs. He has always concealed about his person a dark lantern, a blackjack, and a jimmy. His latest ambitions are to learn to play "Five Hundred" and to dance.

HOWARD EUGLER HARMAN ("Eugie"), X Z X

Ohio.

Eugie always wears a pleased expression. He never worries—not even over the loss of a girl's friendship. He says "I can lose many more without suffering a famine."

Eugie will specialize in Surgery and will make good.





C. G. HARMER ("Charlie"), A A Φ, Φ B K

London, England.

He is England's representative in our cosmopolitan class. Charlie has had a romantic career. Besides being a lieutenant in the Royal Navy he was the first naval officer to obtain an aeroplane pilot's license from the R. A. C. Charlie never has a "grouch," is optimistic, wears a smile and speaks no ill.

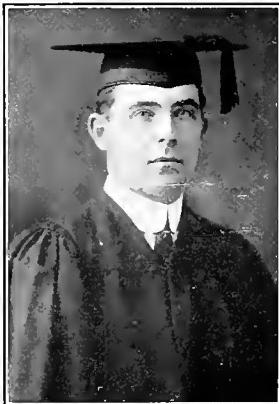
He intends to do experimental work in medicine and aeronautics.

NATHAN HANELLIN ("Han")

New York

Han Hails from N. Y. and is a good fellow. It is said he has a "steady" in the neighborhood of "Coney Isle," but Han just smiles when he is questioned. He will do interne service in New York City.





JOHN F. HANIFIN ("Jack"), Φ X

Massachusetts.

Jack is one of the real good fellows of our class, is a hard worker and a good student. He comes to us from the frozen north. "He gathered all together and took his journey into a far and distant land."

Jack is known by his quiet way and winning smile. He has an even temper and is never known to get ruffled.

He will probably do interne service in one of the large hospitals of Boston, and will later specialize in Gynecology.

He is quite some ladies man as they all like his quiet way and winning smile.

C. F. HEIL ("Charlie"), Φ X

New Jersey.

Charlie hails from New Jersey. He is a pleasant chap, a hard worker, and is punctual—almost too nearly perfect to be mortal.

He rarely makes a noise except when coaxed by some fair maiden. But that is not for us to inquire into.

He will do interne service in his home state.





PHILIP HEYMAN ("Phil"), ΦΑΕ

Newark, N. J.

The boy wonder is often seen strolling down N. Charles Street in deep meditation. The reason for this is unknown save to himself. He makes strong attempts at raising a mustache, but without avail.

J. F. HOGAN ("Marty"), X Z X

New Haven, Conn.

Vice-President, '09-'10

Marty is another of the real "Nut Megs." Although young and innocent he can tell you much about love affairs. He has resisted all kinds of temptations during his college career. He does not know the differences between beer and wine, or "chicken" and—.

He is a good student and is now on the surgical service at Mercy Hospital. He will specialize in Surgery.





F. H. HUTCHINSON ("Hutch"), Φ X

Rhode Island.

Hutch is some skillful microscopist and has recently discovered, by means of very powerful lenses, hair buds on the upper lips of some fellow seniors. For this he may gain a fellowship in the Royal Microscopical Society.

Hutch is a good student and has been actively connected with Mercy Hospital during the past year. He expects to do interne work and later specialize in Medicine.

F. L. JENNINGS ("Jenk")

Maryland.

Jenk is a native of Maryland, and is a better chap than some who talk more.

During the past year he has assisted on the surgical service and has not been found wanting.





W. D. KAILE ("Bill"), $\Phi\chi$

West Virginia.

Bill, or sometimes Willie, is one of our "big noises." He holds the distinction of having been the best Sergeant-at-Arms ever. Bill is a benedict and takes great pride in telling us how he fell in love and how he won his bride.

He will return to his native state and take up active practice there.

J. F. KEEGAN, Ph.G. ("Joe"), $K\Psi$

New Haven, Conn.

Secretary, '10-'11

The most prominent thing about Joe is his nose. But he is not to blame for that, and it ought not to be held against him. In fact he is built around it so that the whole picture is not bad.

In New Haven it will be Keegan & Co., Family Physicians. Good luck to them.





ROBERT E. KELLEY ("Bob")

Watertown, Mass.

Executive Committee, '10-'11

Bob comes to us from good old New England. He will follow the footsteps of his father who is one of the leading physicians of his home state.

Bob is a graduate from the high school of his home town, and received his academic course in Boston. He is congenial, is well thought of, and a good student. His smile is like the "silver lining" about which we sometimes read.

He will specialize in Surgery and later go abroad to study.

JOS. BIRNEY KILBOURNE ("Kil"), X Z X

Hartford, Conn.

Editor in Chief "Clinic," '09-'10. Vice-President, '10-'11

The compelling influence of heredity brought Kil to P. & S. His father graduated from here many years ago.

This young man is clever, and is somewhat of a society man. His popularity with the ladies may be due to his cute mustache. But he does not let these things interfere with study or his activity in college affairs.

He will specialize in Medicine or Surgery.





JOS. J. KOCKYAN, A.B. ("JOE"), X Z X

Baltimore, Md.

Joe is a hard worker. He received his degree of A. B. from Loyola College in 1906.

He has a quiet disposition, which is a good thing if he don't know very much, but a bad thing if he is as wise as we have reason to think he is. "Speak up Joe, 'spess yourself."

HORACE W. KOHLER, ΦΛΕ

YORK, PA.

Kohler is a walking delegate of the cigar industry and is a connoisseur of good tobacco. But his devotion to the weed has not caused the wreck of his mentality. They say he has personality and learning, but that is no disgrace.





A. F. LAWSON ("Aubrey"), Φ X

Weston, W. Va.

Grind Editor "Clinic," '09-'10

Aubrey began his career as a bank clerk, but discovering that his handwriting resembled that of the average physician he immediately followed the "hunch."

He is characterized by: short stature, extremely optimistic temperament, well parted hair, and a busy manner.

ORAN R. LAWRY

Friendship, Md.

Lawry graduated at Hebron Academy. They say he now has dreams of putting up a great hospital for invalids. May his dreams be not rudely broken up.





A. W. LITTLE ("Lonnie"), ΦΒΠ

Jersey City, N. J.

The recently married man. His favorite occupation is arguing religion at Reilley's. His wife made him promise to quit smoking cigarettes so he quit buying them.

Lonnie is a good fellow and we like him all right, but we can't stand his curly hair.

WALDO J. LUSSIER, A K K

Woonsocket, R. I.

Lussier has had good preparation under medical celebrities. In 1905 he graduated as trained nurse from the Boston City Hospital. For one year he remained there as Technician and Microscopist and did research work under Professors Councilman and Mallory. In 1907 he entered Tufts Medical College at which time he became assistant to Professor Leary in the Pathological and Bacteriological Laboratories.

He looks too solemn for us to say anything frivolous about him.





ROBERT J. McDOWELL, ("Mae")

New York.

Mac lets the other fellow do the arguing, and he just saws wood. He has had some hospital experience and ought to have concealed about him some good practical ideas. He will specialize in Medicine. "Truly a ladies' pet; I know it by his style."

JOHN B. MAKIN ("Johnny"), ΦΧ

New Jersey.

Johnny is one of the many acquisitions from "over on the Jersey side." But this ought not be held against him for he is a gentleman of worth and quality.

He will return to his home state and do interne service at one of the hospitals there.





J. E. MARSCHNER ("Jack"), ΦΒΠ

Wheeling, W. Va.

Our ladies' man was discovered somewhere in West Virginia. He is a nice boy but a bum detective. Jack smokes Fatima cigarettes and saves the coupons. He has been asked to accept the chair of "Girlology" at Lutherville and has about decided to accept. Jack drinks Tomato Bouillon every morning.

J. MENDELEVITZ

New York.

Mr. Mendelevitz spent three years at the Long Island College Hospital where he learned enough to come over with the "big show."

He is a quiet boy until quizzed, at which time his line of talk is in harmony with the occasion.





ISIDOR MICHEL

New York.

Bellevue Medical College has sent us this gynecologist and obstetrician who is always on the job. He is chief operator in Dr. Blake's dry clinic whenever Deutschman gives him a chance. If his aspirations materialize he will someday be a noted obstetrician.

H. S. MILLER ("Dusty"), ΦΒΠ

Wilmington, Del.

Dusty hails from Delaware where there are three counties at low tide and none at high tide. He is very partial to the Rathskeller. He has been accused of stealing a brick pile but denies it. Dusty is single but is very anxious for a wife—nothing barred except "coons."





H. R. MUTCHLER ("Mutch"), Φ X

Rockaway, N. J.

Mutch is a graduate from the Morris Academy, Morristown, N. J. He is a stylish dresser and is "some class." Mutch has a quiet disposition and is known never to have made a noise.

Under the supervision of his uncle, who is a physician, he will do interne service, after which he will go abroad to take up a specialty.

T. J. MORRISON ("Ted")

New London, Conn.

The noisiest man in the class. Known all over town as "The Village Cut Up." Ted has decided that it is not good for man to live alone. They say he has made his choice, but the girl not yet.

There is a recent indication of a turn for the better in his career. He has been seen to buy a package of cigarettes.





J. J. MORRISEY, M. D.

Baltimore, Md.

Last year Morrisey received a degree at Maryland Medical College. Not being satisfied with that lone evidence of his learning he has come among us seeking another sign of his skill. He has already made good use of an excellent opportunity. He is Resident Physician at the Baltimore City Jail. There he pokes pills through the bars to people who are compelled by law to take his medicine. Not many doctors are so fortunate.

JOHN V. O'CONNOR ("John"), ΦX

Rhode Island.

President, '10-'11

John is a good student and is always pushing to the front.

"He has a stern look, but a gentle heart." He has worked hard for the welfare of class and college interests.

John will specialize in Pediatrics after he has done interne service in a Boston hospital.





EDWARD J. PINKUS ("Max")

Mexico.

Executive Committee, '10-'11

Having spent thirteen years in the "States" Max is ready to return to Mexico where good doctors are in demand. Under the tutorage of O'Conner he has developed some social prestige in this city. Max can tickle the ivories, and often gives an after-dinner musical for the benefit of the boarders.

PAUL RIDER, KΨ

West Virginia.

Paul is a teacher by nature and a student by choice. As you look carefully at him you are tempted to add to the list of his possibilities that of a local preacher. However that may be the fact remains that he insists on being a doctor. May good fortune attend him. Amen.





THOMAS J. ROCHE, Φ K

Rhode Island.

President, '09-'10

We cannot too strongly impress the reader with the laudable characteristics of this gentleman. You cannot help being impressed by his appetite. He is a great favorite with the ladies. It is said that they are attracted by his curly hair.

Before entering P. and S. he was interested in the drug business in Westerly.

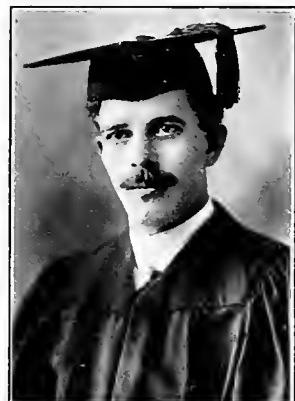
JOHN F. SHEA ("Jack"), Φ X

Massachusetts.

Valedictorian

Jack is another of the New England aggregation. We naturally expect him to be a good student and so he is.

We will refrain from saying anything mean about Jack. He will specialize in Surgery.





A. C. SORENSEN ("Daddy"), KΨ

Washington, D. C.

Daddy is a new addition to the bunch this year. He is good looking, genial, and has a big pair of broad shoulders. We threatened to say something funny about Daddy but he passed us a cigar and we will refrain.

B. W. SWINT, ΦX

West Virginia.

Artist on "Clinic," '09-'10, Executive Committee, '10-'11

He is the man made famous by his drawing in the '09-'10 year book entitled "Going to the Health Department." But Swint is more than an artist. Bailey says that he comes from a town of such altitude that he can look right over into Mexico and see Pinkus breakfasting on bananas. Swint was captain of his home town ball team and knows all about the game.





K. H. TRIPPETT, X Z X

Buckhannon, W. Va.

Karl is a mountaineer from West Virginia. There he first learned to overcome difficulties. He is some hustler while on hospital duty.

There are some good features to this lad, chief of which is his unique manner of attending his own business. He has a walk that is more characteristic than anything else by which we might describe him.

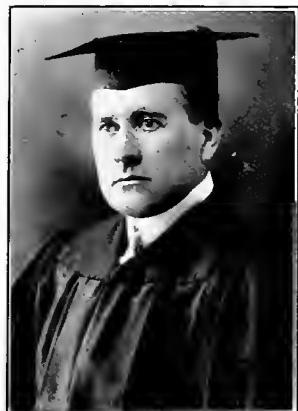
J. THORKELSON, ("Jack")

Delaware

Business Manager "Clinic," '09-'10

Jack's activities around the Surgical Department indicate a high degree of proficiency in that line. This is not surprising since he has always showed a marked tendency in that direction. He is gradually getting out of the habit of talking about ships.

This year he has been demonstrating in the Anatomical Laboratory.





GEO. P. WALLER ("George")

California.

This is a fair sample of the beef trust that has wandered into our midst this year. He rooms at the Y. M. C. A. May often be seen sipping Coca Cola at Huyler's. A few gray hairs are scattered among the brown on his head and they are significant of work--not worry.

NORRIS B. WHITCOMB,

New York

Literary Editor "Clinic," '09-'10

Whitecomb is well known on account of his moral persuasion, being interested officially in College Y. M. C. A. work.

He is a rock-ribbed Republican and is always trying to show why Roosevelt should have a third term.

Norris is a good student.





L. V. WILLIAMS

York, Pa.

Second Vice-President, '10-'11

He exerts no special effort to exploit anything—not even his knowledge. Indications lead us to believe that he understands his business. All he needs to make him happy is a good cigar.

CALDWELL WOODRUFF,

North Carolina.

Woodruff wisely concluded to spend the last two years of his college course with us. He has gained considerable notoriety on account of his activity in the recent anti-spitting crusade. The remarkable manner in which he answers the roll call has made a definite impression on the class. He can make his presence felt anywhere.





WAITMAN ZINN

Glenwood, W. Va.

This is a quiet mannered lad of forceful mein. Zinn is a dark horse—you think you have him safe in class, when presto, you look again and he is gone. Reason? Zinn is our embryo surgeon and is a busy man. He likes the Traymore Music Hall.

CLARENCE W. ZURCHER ("Fritz"), X Z X

Ohio

Literary Editor "Clinic," '09-'10

Fritz is one of the bright lights. He will specialize in Gynecology.

His ways are quiet, he loves not the bright lights;
But he does the girls and moonlight nights.



History of Senior Class

The difficulty of writing a history of our senior class arises from a wealth rather than from a scarcity of material. It is obviously impossible within the customary six hundred words to do anything more than enumerate briefly the achievements of the present senior class.

Our college course is nearly over, and looking back upon the pleasant years, it is with pleasure in our achievements.

Some classes, you know, have the habit of boasting about their wonderful achievements. Our class has never found it necessary to defend itself in such a way.

Perhaps you have heard about the lumberman who, being desirous of selling a team of oxen, did all his bragging on the off-ox, and afterward explained by saying that the other ox showed for himself and needed no bragging about. Such is the class of '11. We do not have to boast, but need only to point to our record of the past four years. The work of our final year began on Oct. 3rd, and after the class had been initiated into the preliminary degrees of senior work, we settled down to hard study, fully realizing the importance of the work as set forth in our schedule.

Then came the election of class officers, and it was indeed a burning question. The date was set for the ordeal, and the electioneering done among the members of the class would make a Tammany politician "sit up and take notice." Of course the results of the election of class officers brought sad disappointment to some of the members of our class, i. e. the losers. However, it is safe to say, that our class has at all times been in able hands and '11 can indeed feel proud of the pace she has set, and which we hope will be followed by our successors. In class work and otherwise—some of our members have attained enviable reputation. '11 does not claim for herself great scholastic prowess in any boastful manner—it has ever been suggested by certain evil disposed persons that reasons other than a deep-rooted modesty deterred us—but to forever put an end to such base innuendoes, I can but point to the brilliant record made by the members of class '11 in the clinics and laboratory work, and to the standing of our class in general.

COOPER—I sleep behind dark glasses.

Our class has a variety of characters. We have those among us who are very popular, likewise those who are quite as unpopular. We have the congenial, the versatile and the grinds. The beauties, the handsome and the homely are, too, rated in large numbers.

We have some among us who are nervy and some who are chesty, but these, thank fate, are few in number. The dignified and meek are, as it were, in a class by themselves, and to these we take our hats off. Of course we have bluffers and grouchy members in our family also, but of these I will not speak, for they are indeed to be pitied, and we must extend to them our sympathy rather than our condemnation. As a whole, our class is a good one, not only in class work but in character and strength of manhood.

After four hard years of work and study, we have at last acquired the dignity of seniors, and it was with anxious hearts and many expectations that we entered upon the work of our final year, for here we found that which afforded us every available means to acquire a complete knowledge of the work which will be beneficial to us when we enter upon our life work.

The clinics and the dispensary--the places the underclassmen sigh and look forward to, and too, the place the seniors look back upon and--sigh! For the place of places to be desired and the place of places to sigh about, prospectively and retrospectively, for therein is a tale--many a tale.

Our introduction into these departments was perhaps one of the most interesting features of our year's work, for here we received our first real idea of the cosmopolitan character of Baltimore population as embraced by the dispensary and clinics therein.

Here we as dignified seniors propounded our knowledge gained in the previous year, under the careful direction of the attending physicians and surgeons in charge.

It was in the dispensary that we attempted to diagnose and treat the many and varied complaints, we travelling from clinic to clinic, perhaps finding the same patient we had just left in the last clinic, still pursuing us--going the rounds even as were we, not that we had won their confidence--or purse--but rather that he or she sought the advice of a different specialist. And these clinics of the dispensary, with its chronics and neurasthenics, the bumps of knowledge and the jingling of stethoscopes, carried by our brothers, the flashing head mirror and the air of dignity gained thereby--is it not fascinating? Is it not--to the patients who are "wise" to our all too few years and our strut?

Be that as it may--Shakespeare must have long since forgiven the cockney who quoted him thus--"Life's but a bloody, bloomin' stage and we's the bloomin' hactors." So it seems to the dispensary patients, as we

COUGHLIN--I am one of the few good politicians in the class.

stride past, striking fear into the hearts of those who are to come—the admiration and wonder of all eyes—to our own deluded minds.

And so the days come and go, "Each day has its smile, each day has its tears." How thankful we all should be that it has been our good fortune to have been identified with the dispensary and clinic service at our hospital, if only as assistants and scribes in the various clinics; but nevertheless, we, in our own small way have contributed our mite toward helping mankind, to conquer pain, to banish disease, to assist the infirm, and last but not least, to recognize the essentials of true charity towards our own fellow beings.

It was in the work that we attempted to overcome the difficulty of trying to find lung tissue over the vertebral column, and to remember that inspection came before percussion and auscultation and so on, and it was with much eagerness that we watched with interest the physical examinations, listening the while with knowing looks to the history and discussion of the case in question.

It was in the medical and surgical clinics for which the keenest preparation was necessary that we might not be the subject of the indulgence of the professor and the ridicule of the class.

In the medical and surgical clinics we saw the man who had the "suspicion of a murmur" of "more or less intensity," and here we had demonstrations of "Romberg's," of "Bocelli's" and other signs; here we learned of the importance of an Eosinophilis "and so forth, and so on." It was indeed funny at times, but we ourselves were the Martyrs in the Arena.

The final examinations are now almost at hand. We are nearly ready to go out into the world, to add our small best to the endeavor of our noble profession—to ever bring comfort and gladness to the aching hearts, the sick and infirm, and sympathy to the sorrowing souls when friends or relatives have passed beyond earthly aid. And, lastly, it is with a feeling of sadness that we watch the last days of our career at P. & S. drawing to a close (Faculty permitting). Most of us are looking forward to hospital and other practice, and we can but hope that some day our Alma Mater will be proud of us.

We do hope that each and all may do our part though humble it may be.

Classmates, we are now on the threshold of a professional course, and naturally the face of each of us is turned forward, all optimists as it were.

We all realize we have many rough and billy roads before us, but our one aim and goal is Success.

We shall meet with many trials and tribulations, but shall share our sorrows and joys together, and when one among us has reached the highest pedestal of success, it will not be with jealous feeling in our hearts that

COLGAN—Can't you see I am from Penn?

we shall approach him, but we shall be filled with joy and will be proud to say that he was a classmate of ours at dear old P. & S. We are now on the homestretch with the finish line within grasp, our hearts filled with joy and pride. The prayer on our lips is that we may have enough energy and endurance stored up in our bodies to withstand the final test. May we be as successful in battling with the vicissitudes of the world as we have been in our endeavor to gain the coveted honor now almost at hand!

But to whom do we owe the credit of keeping in such good condition as to stay in the race for the coveted goal?

All cry as one harmonious answer:

"To our Alma Mater P. & S." We are and ever shall be her sons, our affection frankly voiced will encourage her, and we will do all in our limited power at present to help and guide with a friendly hand our younger brothers, who must sooner or later enter into the best and most glorious of all professions which is now almost within our grasp.

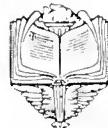
Our loyalty to P. & S. will be a pledge of undying brotherhood, and although our paths of professional life may be along somewhat different lines, we will know and appreciate what each is doing in his own particular specialty.

When in after years, time comes for us to depart these realms, it is hoped we shall finish with the same spirit as when we began our career. Then altogether, our last words shall be, "For God, for Country and for dear old P. & S."

In conclusion, let us wish long life and prosperity to dear old P. & S., to our professors, instructors and their assistants, and to our Dean, whose strength of character has been such a forcible example to us all.

In finality, may I say "Remember that the friends you have formed here at P. & S. will last through life; that your college associations will always be your dearest thoughts, and, in looking back think of P. & S. and the class of 1911."

JOHN F. FLYNN.



CONSTANZO - Know me as Mr. Carvey.

Post-Graduate Study

The four years have passed; your dream has been realized; the diploma has been signed, it is in your hands; you are doctors of medicine, with all the rights, honors and privileges appertaining to that degree. And what now?

All of you, no doubt, feel that the time has come to reap the financial reward of your industry, to become independent of those who have helped you to reach the coveted goal; and perhaps help care for those who have done their best in caring for you. This is all as it should be.

If, however, no urgent reasons exist for immediate steps in that direction, then by all means endeavor to spend one additional year under special guidance, before you start on your lonely paths. How that year shall be spent, will depend, to greater or less extent, upon your personal inclination and aptitude.

Generally speaking, a year's rotating service in a general hospital is the best; and I will add, the more active the surgical service (including under that term, the combined surgical, gynecological and obstetric department), the better for the man who intends to go out in general practice. The value of a year thus spent cannot be overestimated. As it is, positions of this kind are now given to those whose work has been most meritorious. This is very appropriate, but the lucky man who is thus selected, does not always appreciate what he is given, and does not realize as fully as he should that a hospital appointment is a contract which must be fulfilled, and that he is under moral obligation to start upon his service at the appointed time, and not to leave until his time expires. I am so fully impressed with the value of an appointment in an active hospital, that I would personally advocate a competitive examination not only, but also a deposit payment of two or three hundred dollars, to be forfeited in the event of non-fulfillment of contract. This takes me back to the proudest days of my life, when I received my own hospital appointment on Dr. Osler's staff at the Hopkins. Unfortunately I had had no older medical friend to advise or correct me, and when I entered on my service, I did so with the feeling that I was a full fledged doctor, that I had worked very hard to this end, and now it was my part to command.

CRAIG—If it were not for the West Virginians this school——.

and that I owed allegiance to no one but my chief. Differences in seniority did not exist in my imagination ! Alas and alack ! If but some kindly spirit had taught me appropriate humility. I only discovered through long and painful experience, that there is such a thing as hospital and ward etiquette, and that in entering a ward the second assistant follows the first, and takes his orders from the first, that "yes, Dr. X." and "no, Dr. X" are appropriate replies, and that my own humble opinion was neither asked nor desired, etc., etc. And after all that is the way things should be; the assistant is there to assist, not to direct; to learn, not to teach.

While I have suggested a rotating service of one year in a general hospital as the ideal appointment for the future practitioner of medicine, those who contemplate a more specialized field, more particularly those who long for the golden apples of the Hesperides in medicine—who can contemplate life only in marble halls with the whiff of ether in their nostrils, who wish to ride in Packards and in Aleos, those of you must be prepared to give up not only one year, but several years to assistants' duties, before you can rightly demand recognition by the public. The internist buries his diagnostic mistakes directly, the surgeon first shows them to the world, and the public is not over fond of anti-mortem autopsies. The surgeon's preparatory road to success is hence a much more devious one, a longer one and a rougher one; many start, but few finish.

A few of you, perhaps, love the laboratory for the laboratory's sake, and as a laboratory man I gladly welcome you to the fold. Your course is a still more difficult one than the surgeon's, and you can rarely look to financial rewards for your labors, no matter how hard you have toiled. At present the outlook is not encouraging—the salary of a first class or often only of a second class chauffeur will probably not tempt you, and even turn away those of you who were actually standing in the doorway of the laboratory, and gazing in admiration on the waxed floor, upon the rabbits, guineapigs and the mice, and wondering whether you should not enter those sacred precincts. And still some of you will take the foolish turn and—be happy. Ideas are rapidly changing, new discoveries are being made almost daily; who can tell, maybe the future will provide for you and yours after all. But if you will enter the domain of the Ambocopters and the Complements, then make up your minds in advance that there is hard study for you ahead, much harder than what you have done in the past. A few years ago I recommended one of my pupils, an excellent one, to Dr. Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute. He is still there, Dr. Flexner's right hand man; he has made good; but I well remember when he wrote me as follows: "Never again shall I work so hard, not for love of father, mother, sister, brother, love of country, as I have done to prove worthy of your recommendation in the past." Still that is exactly what I expected him to do !

CREWS—Nobody knows what I think.

This brings me to the point which I really had in view when I began, namely, to impress upon you the importance of continuing your studies after graduation. It is most depressing to meet with men a few years after leaving school, men who had done well and who had it in them to do even better, who intellectually have simply mired. They have located perhaps in a little town or village, and you meet them there spitting tobacco juice, thinking tobacco juice and living in tobacco juice. The first year perhaps the ghosts of some good resolutions still upheld them, but after that they went down, down, down. It is my firm belief that a man who loves his books cannot mire; books have made many a gentleman what he is, books will maintain a gentleman, and after all the highest ideal to my mind is to be a gentleman, to act as a gentleman and to think as a gentleman. You may argue of course that you have studied your books and that they have lost their first charm, and this no doubt is true. But it is not books so much that I would have you study, but the current medical literature. Text books are the reserves, the medical journals represent the firing line, and the firing line in Medicine is the romance of Medicine. Subscribe to a standard weekly, and a solid scholarly monthly at once, and develop your journal library as rapidly as you can afford and as you can digest what you read; and never let up on this portion of your study as long as you wish to take an active part in medicine either in the back woods, where your journals will be your solace, or in the marble operating room, or the consultant's study where they are your bread and butter. Then, gentlemen, after you have been thrown on your own resources for a while, go out again and see at the fountain heads what there is new in medicine. You will have read in your journals of the splendid work of many men in many lands, and I can assure you there is no vacation more pleasantly and profitable spent than in visiting these very men, their laboratories and hospitals, whom you have learned to esteem and to revere.

And lastly, let every one of you make up his mind to do some one thing in life to which, when old age comes, you yourself would point and say: "I am glad I did that; I have after all not lived in vain."

CHARLES SIMON, M. D.



DRISCOLL—Just a hasty look will not tell you how much mischief there is in me.

Did You and How Did You?

Did you tackle the trouble that came in your way,
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts
But only—how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth, well what of that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace,
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye,
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
But how did you fight and why?

And tho' you be done to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men
Why the critics will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?

"Chuck."

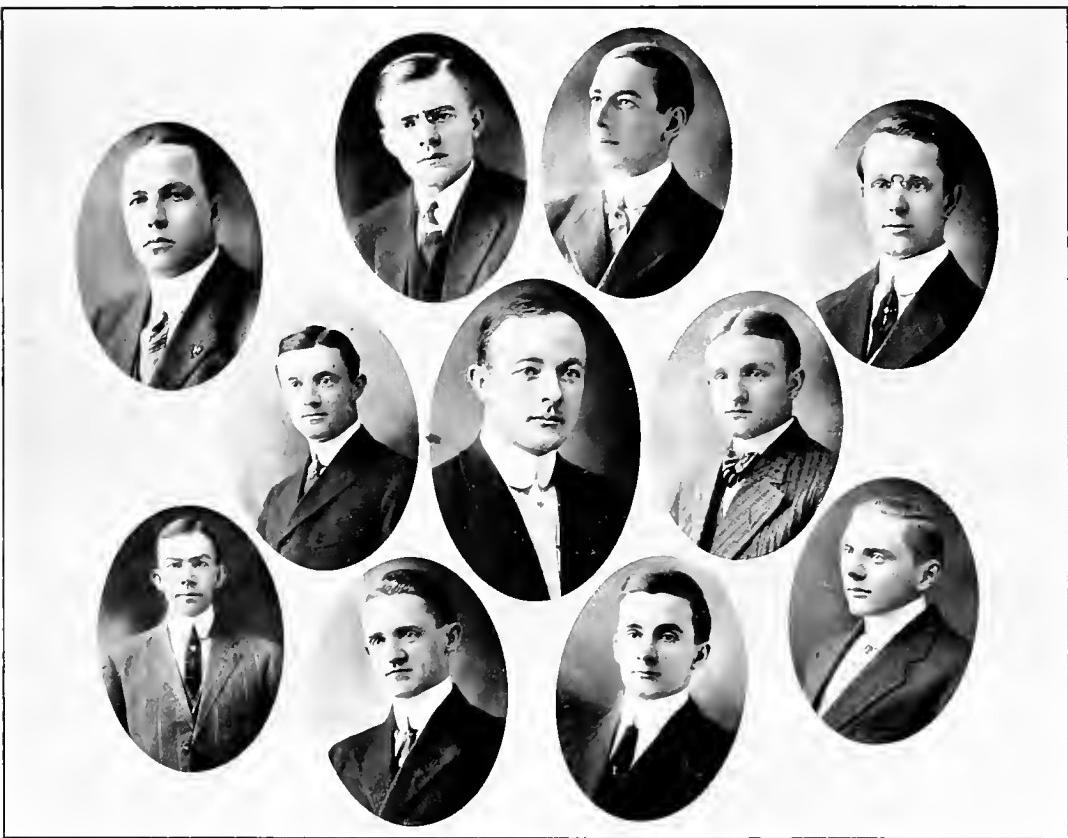
EISNER—If any man gets my seat on the front row in lectures he is welcome to take that chance.

My Specialties.

ALBERT E. MAN, '12.

Before I took up medicine way back in nineteen three,
I had no doubt that some fine day a surgeon I would be.
'Twas when I entered college that I first conceived the plan
Of shaping out my destiny to be a G. U. man.
When but a verdant sophomore I added to my list,
The specialty of specialties, a gynecologist.
But in my junior year I somewhat altered my position,
And said that I would surely be a first-class obstetrician.
But as the time is growing near for me to graduate,
I feel that I would like to be a Prof. if not too late.
However, if the faculty don't grant me a position,
'Twill tickle me to death to be an every day Physician.

ENSLOW—I am the original loser at all games of chance.



House Staff

ANDREW C. GILLIS, M. D., *Medical Superintendent*

SURGICAL HOUSE OFFICERS

Senior Internes

OLIVER L. LLOYD, M. D.

ERNST H. McDEDÉ, M. D.

ELWOOD T. QUINN, M. D.

FRANK A. DUVALLEY, M. D.

HAROLD LONGSDORF, M. D.

JOHN A. KIMZEY, M. D.

MEDICAL HOUSE OFFICERS

Senior Internes

WILLIAM W. HOBSON, M. D.

ELMER S. STAMBAUGH, M. D.

Junior Internes

BENJAMIN O. McCLEARY, M. D.

A. W. SKILTON, M. D.

HARRISON L. BREHMER, M. D., *Resident Gynecologist*

JAMES A. RIPPERT, M. D., *Resident Obstetrician*

A. BURTON ECKERDT, *Resident Pathologist*

JANER—I used to want to be gold medal man, but any more I don't care.

The Essay

A prize of twenty-five dollars has been offered to the member of the Graduating Class writing the best essay on the History of Medicine. The following rules govern the contest:

Rules of "The Essay" Competition

1. All students of the Final Year are eligible to compete.
2. Essays must be original.
3. Essays submitted for competition must be legibly signed with pseudonym only, and must be accompanied by a coupon with name signed. Such coupon must be enclosed in a sealed envelope, on the outside of which is written only the pseudonym of the competitor. This envelope will not be opened until after the award is made.
4. The judges reserve to themselves the right of withholding the prize if the rules of the competition have not been complied with, or if in the opinion of the judges the essays are of insufficient merit. They also reserve the right to publish at such time as they think fit, any of the essays submitted.
5. The prize winner's essay must be deposited in the keeping of the library in its original manuscript form—being subsequently duly autographed by the author.
6. All essays must be written on one side of the sheet only and preferably on typewriter paper, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 12.
7. Essays and correspondence thereon to be addressed to the Dean, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., and marked Prize Essay Competition.
8. Any infringement of the above rules will disqualify a competitor, and the decision of the judges shall be final on all questions arising thereunder.

Pseudonym _____
Full Name _____
Address _____

Report of the Prize Essay Judge

To the Editors of THE CLINIC,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Sirs:—It is with pleasure that I give my time to the judging of the merits of the essays submitted for my examination. "Dr. Buckley's Wild Oats," by A. E. Man, and "My Memories of Dr. Charles N," by Sinclair Levine, are the best two essays. The first of the two shows the better composition and should be awarded the prize.

J. O'NEAL EDY, M. D.

Dr. Buckley's Wild Oats

At college, H. Irwin Buckley was looked upon as the most moral, modest and studious man in the class; not only that, but his marvelous originality and ability to turn the fates in his favor when all seemed to go against him, were characteristic of the man and helped him out of many a perplexing situation. On one occasion during a quiz in medicine, while young Buckley was in his third year, a question involving the treatment of a certain rare pathological condition had gone around the class. Not a man was able to give the correct answer. The class was in imminent danger of being disgraced. At last the question came to Buckley. "Well, sir," he drawled in his inimitable manner, "if the case came to me, I'd send for a doctor." The laugh that followed broke the tension, and before the class had quieted down the dismissal bell rang and the day was saved.

That Dr. H. Irwin Buckley's future as a practicing physician would be a success was doubted by none, least so by himself. It was therefore with a great deal of righteous self-confidence that one year after his graduation he set himself up in his little home town in the brand new bank building, and had painted upon his office window the legend—

"DR. H. IRWIN BUCKLEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office hours by appointment only".

and mirabile dictu', they came! They came in such numbers and made such great inroads on his time that the strain began to tell. His hitherto somewhat full face became pinched and drawn. His step lagged and dark lines made their appearance beneath his eyes. You see, Dr. Buckley's reputation had preceded him.

In the meanwhile, the four "gentlemen of the old school" who had hitherto enjoyed the lucrative practice now devolving upon young Dr. Buckley, were righteously seething with mingled emotions of indignation and

FRIEDMAN, L. M.—I'll not be the goat for this class.

disappointment. "Why," they argued, "should that young scallawag with his new fangled germs and 'Anti-toxins' step in and take away our bread and butter?" It wasn't just. It wasn't right, and, by gum, if they should ever get their hooks on to him, he'd "sit up and take notice!"

It was at the end of a dark, dull December day that Dr. Buckley, returning to his office weak and weary after an unusually busy day, found upon his desk the following note:

Dere Dr. Buckley,

Please come up to the house rite away. I'm afraide the missus is goin' to die if you don't hurry.

JIM BLANE.

He read the note with trepidation. He knew that "Missus Blane" was in no imminent danger of death, but feared he might be if he didn't go to bed immediately. But such is the physician's life. He knew it would probably mean another night's sleep lost, when he needed it most; but go, he must. What man or woman, knowing the circumstances, can then blame Dr. Buckley for stopping at the corner saloon to get a little braceer—his first—before venturing out on such an arduous duty? Dr. Buckley, though hitherto abstemious, entered Schneider's saloon on that fatal December eve. If he hadn't, this story would never have been written.

Standing before the bar was a solitary person—a woman! She was one of those unfortunates whom society manufactures every day, and then casts out from its midst. She was pleading for a drink; and, she needed it. Old Schneider was obdurate. "Vunee doo ofden haf I drusded you, und neffer again. Herans du—" He was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Buckley. "I'll pay for her drink" he said, "and give me one, too; yes, whisky," in reply to Schneider's surprised question. "Now, come, Liz," he said, "you must go home," and taking her gently by the arm, he led her to the door and out into the open air.

At this moment, arm in arm, Doctors Baily and Hufford, young Buckley's two most hated or rather hating rivals, happened to pass the saloon. What they saw caused them to stop in consternation. "Lazy Liz" on Dr. Buckley's arm, and both their breaths reeking with the smell of whiskey! It was unbelievable. Yet, there it was before their very eyes. Dr. Hufford was the first to recover his equanimity. "Sowing your wild oats late in the season? Ha, ha!" he croaked, and old Baily joined in the laugh. Then they turned and went on. Young Buckley was nonplussed. He realized the extent to which his rivals could and would injure him, and it was with feelings of foreboding ill that he proceeded on his way to Jim Blane's "Missus."

GOLDSTEIN—I think the squirrels have got me.

In the village of Cloverville news spread rapidly. On the following day, Dr. Buckley's practice consisted of one patient, a traveling man with a foreign body in his eye. On the day following that, his patients were none. The evil had been wrought.

On the third day, disgusted and disheartened, poor Dr. Buckley picked up the "Morning Bugle," and was greeted by the headline :

"PROMINENT YOUNG PHYSICIAN LEADING
A DOUBLE LIFE
WAS SEEN INTOXICATED ON THE STREET IN THE
COMPANY OF A CERTAIN WOMAN OF
QUESTIONABLE CHARACTER."

and then followed a sickening, lying, malicious account, ending up with the following :

"A meeting of prominent citizens will be held in the town hall to-morrow night to decide upon the disposition of the character who has so long imposed himself upon the honorable and unsuspecting community of Cloverville."

An ordinary man would have been completely overcome; but this last, this "most unkindest cut of all," awoke in Dr. Buckley the latent power of turning the fates in his favor when they seemed bound to undo him. The next day the citizens of the town were confronted with a full page ad. in both of the daily papers to this effect:

"YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU RUN DOWN?
HAVE YOUR THOUGHTLESS INDISCRETIONS WROUGHT HAVOC WITH
YOUR SYSTEM?

If so, Use the New Tonic Breakfast Food:

'DR. LEYBUCK'S WILD OATS.'

They Will Cure You. A Free Trial Package Will Be Sent If You
Send Name and Address to P. O. Box 27, Local."

That night Dr. Buckley, heavily wrapped in his great coat and with hat pulled down over his eyes, entered the town hall, and secluding himself in a dark corner, patiently listened to the arguments pro and con. The

HANNA—He sometimes says something and it is usually sensible.

APR 1 1940

general concensus was to oust him from the town. As a motion to this effect was being made, some one discovered him and cried, "Here's the doctor; why not let him speak for himself?" It was the first attempt at justice that he had thus far seen, and with a cynical smile, amid absolute silence, Dr. Buckley advanced to the platform and began as follows:

"Citizens of Cloverville, to attempt to defend myself with any explanation of my actions would perhaps be useless. You are neither broad-minded enough nor charitable enough to merit an explanation. If I chose, I could readily prove that I have acted only in an honorable and faithful manner. Had you given me the chance, I would have taken that course; but you have not shown me the spirit of fair play. You have listened to libel, and heeded rumors inspired by malicious jealousy. Therefore, what I propose to do now will be but a just retribution for your sins. No doubt you all saw 'Dr. Leybuck's Wild Oats' for dissolute young men advertised in the morning paper. Gentlemen, I inserted that ad., and have received in response this afternoon, twenty-five letter from the sons of twenty-five of our most influential citizens asking for free samples. Shall I read them?"

Not a word was heard from all that throng. Men hung their heads and dreaded to meet the doctor's eye. "Very well," chirped the doctor cheerfully, "the first one is from—" "No, no! Don't read them. We apologize," and similar cries came from various portions of the room. Then the door opened, and puffing with exertion, Herr Schneider, the saloon-keeper, entered abruptly. "Dis inchustis moos pe sehtopped," he cried. "I vill explain." And explain he did, and when he finished the crowd fairly carried Dr. Buckley away on their shoulders.

On the following Sunday Rev. Snobble's text was, "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

ALBERT E. MANN.



HENDERSON —It is always better to keep in a good humor.

The College Vampire.

A boy there was and he left for school,
Even as you and I,
Under the entirely accepted rule
That the place to learn to be less of a fool
Was a college with its great knowledge pool
Flowing eternally.

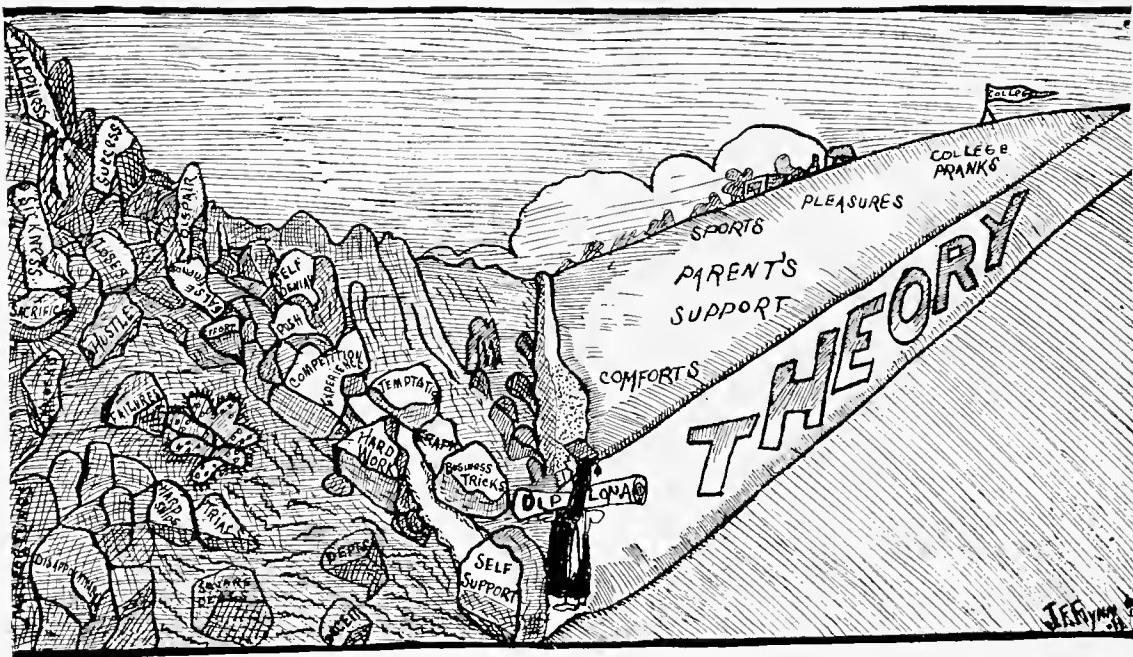
The boy got to school and his books he bought,
Even as you and I,
This man's lines and that man's thought—
He thought then he had some wisdom caught.
But the fool found out that it was all for naught
But egotistic vanity.

The boy learned how to smoke and drink,
Neither as you nor I.
His friends were pleasant, but from books he'd shrink
And never once did he stop to think
That bottles and cards are the connecting link
Between fools and depravity.

The boy stayed there for one short year
Neither as you nor I.
He had learned to boast and coax and swear,
He sent his mind and soul to where
The smiles are drowned with a tempter's snare—
To Dark Eternity.

"HAM."

FRIEDMAN, L.—I have committed to memory all those lectures.



SECRET



SOCIETIES

Chi Zeta Chi Fraternity

Founded Nineteen Hundred and Three at the University of Georgia

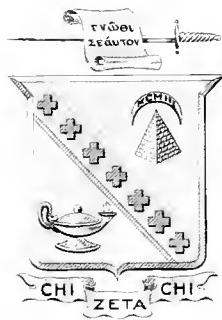
Fraternity Colors—Purple and Old Gold

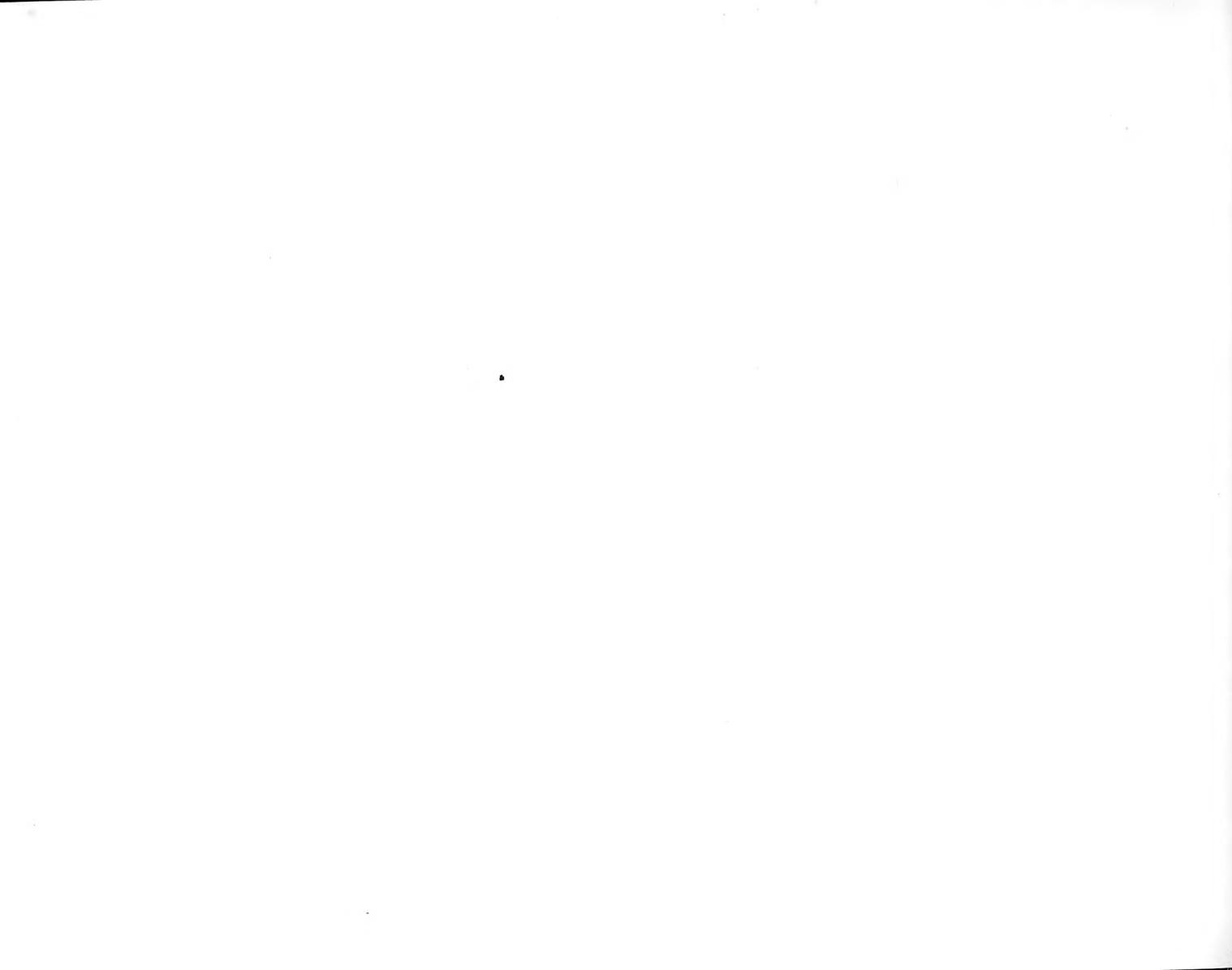
Fraternity Flower—White Carnation

Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha	University of Georgia, Augusta, Ga.
Beta	College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, N. Y.
Delta	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Epsilon	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Zeta	Baltimore Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Theta	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Kappa	Atlanta School of Medicine, Atlanta, Ga.
Lambda	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Memphis, Tenn.
Mu	Tulane University, New Orleans La.
Nu	University of Arkansas, Little Rock, Ark.
Xi	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Omicron	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Pi	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ills.
Rho	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Sigma	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
Tau	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Upsilon	Fordham University, New York, N. Y.
Phi	Lincoln University, Knoxville, Tenn.
Chi	Long Island Medical College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Psi	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.

KIMSEY—Well, you see it is this way; we must not let that "bunch" get ahead of us.









Rho Chapter, Chi Zeta Chi

Chapter House, 108 Franklin Street, East

Roll of Membership

SENIORS

J. P. V. KILBOURNE	J. F. HOGAN
H. E. HARMAN	C. W. ZURCHER
W. F. GOCKE	K. H. TRIPPETT
L. B. CRUMRINE	

JUNIORS

F. J. KIMSEY	P. L. KEOUGH
W. L. SHEAHAN, JR.	R. E. COSTANZO
J. F. SPEARMAN	A. M. EVANS

SOPHOMORES

J. S. DIXON	P. N. FLEMING
B. L. STERNER	L. D. BARNES
W. W. WINDSOR	J. D. STUART
D. M. DRAUGHN	

FRESHMEN

A. J. GILLIS	L. L. CRAMER
W. B. RICHARDSON	

KNABAUER—I love the Union Station.

Kappa Psi Fraternity

Founded 1879

Incorporated 1903

Executive Chapter

Alpha (Grand Council) ----- Wilmington, Del.

Collegiate Chapters

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Beta-----	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Gamma-----	Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
Delta-----	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Epsilon-----	Maryland Medical College, Baltimore, Md.
Eta-----	Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia, Pa.
Iota-----	University of Alabama, Mobile, Ala.
Kappa-----	Birmingham Medical College, Birmingham, Ala.
Lambda-----	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Mu-----	Mass. College of Pharmacy, Boston, Mass.
Nu-----	Medical College of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.
Xi-----	University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Omicron-----	University of Nashville-Tenn., Nashville, Tenn.

KOHLER—If you could only get acquainted with me you would not find me a bad sort of fellow.

Pi	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Rho	Atlanta College of P. and S., Atlanta, Ga.
Sigma	Baltimore College of P. and S., Baltimore, Md.
Tau	University of Ala. (Preclinic School), Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Upsilon	Louisville College of Pharmacy, Louisville, Ky.
Phi	Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
Chi	University of Illinois, Chicago, Ill.
Psi	Baylor University, Dallas, Texas
Omega	Southwestern University, Dallas, Texas
Beta-Beta	Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio
Beta-Gamma	University of California, San Francisco, Cal.
Beta-Delta	Union University, Albany, N. Y.

Graduate Chapters

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.
New York	New York, N. Y.
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham	Birmingham, Ala.



KUHLMAN—I can talk on anything.



Sigma Chapter, Kappa Psi

Roll of Membership

SENIORS

J. P. DEERY	ARCHE C. HALL
HENRY F. EDMONSON	JOS. F. KEEGAN
CLAUDE V. GAUTIER	PAUL RIDER
A. C. SORENSEN	

JUNIORS

ASA W. ADKINS	L. DALE JOHNSON
S. E. HENDERSON	SAMUEL J. MORRIS
CECIL O. POST	

SOPHOMORES

ELMER H. HANKEY	WILLIAM T. BAMBRICK
KENNA JACKSON	RAY J. STOCKHAMMER
FERNAND H. JANER	JOHN G. BRENNEN
J. F. EASTON	DAVID R. JONES

FRESHMEN

J. H. GRIFFITH

O'BRIAN--It is impossible to wipe that smile and the map of Ireland from my face.

Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity

Organized May 15, 1900

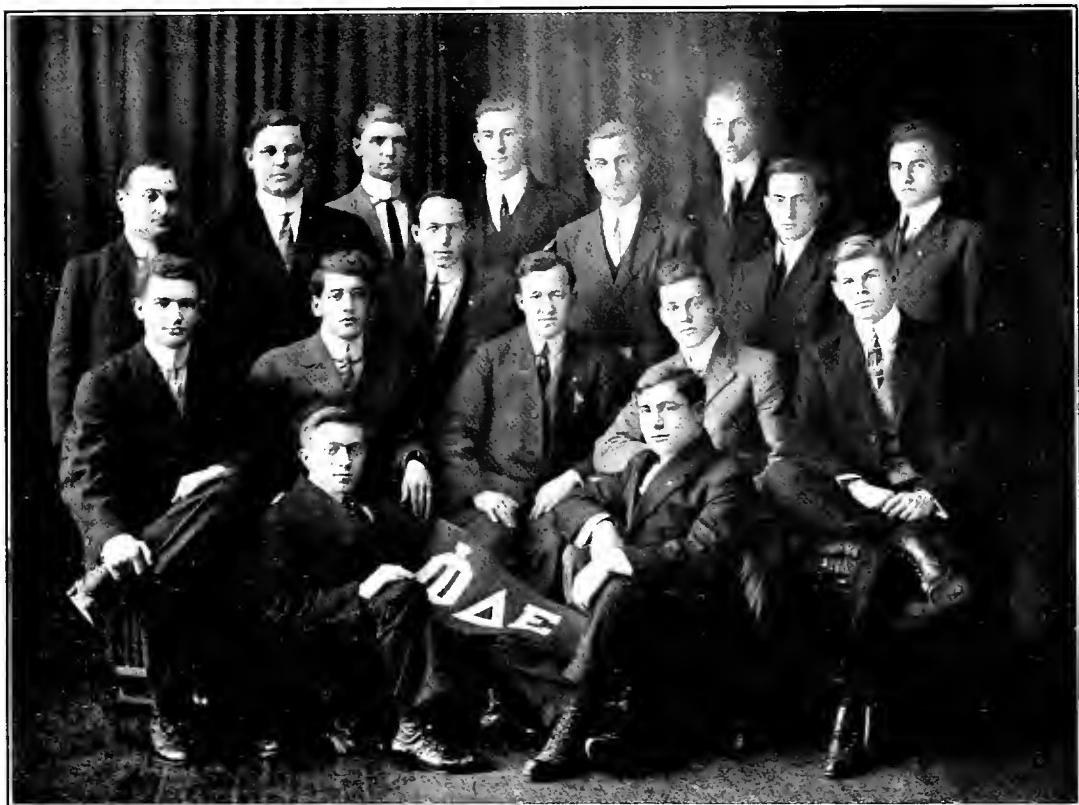
Chapter founded March, 1909

Chapter Colors—Old Gold and Purple

Roll of Chapters

Alpha	Cornell University Medical College
Beta	University of New York and Bellevue Medical College
Gamma	Columbia Medical College
Delta	Baltimore Medical College
Zeta	Long Island Medical College
Theta	Fordham University, Medical Department
Iota	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore
Epsilon	University of Maryland, Medical School
Lambda	Medical Department, University of Pennsylvania
Rho	Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia
Sigma	Jefferson Medical College
Nu	University of Syracuse, Medical College
Omega	University of Louisville, Medical School
Phi	University of Wisconsin, Medical College

LEVINE²—I mean all right.



Inta Chapter, Phi Delta Epsilon

Roll of Membership

SENIORS

BARNETT H. COOPER	PHILIP HEYMAN
HARRY FABIAN	HORACE W. KOHLER
LOUIS V. WILLIAMS	

JUNIORS

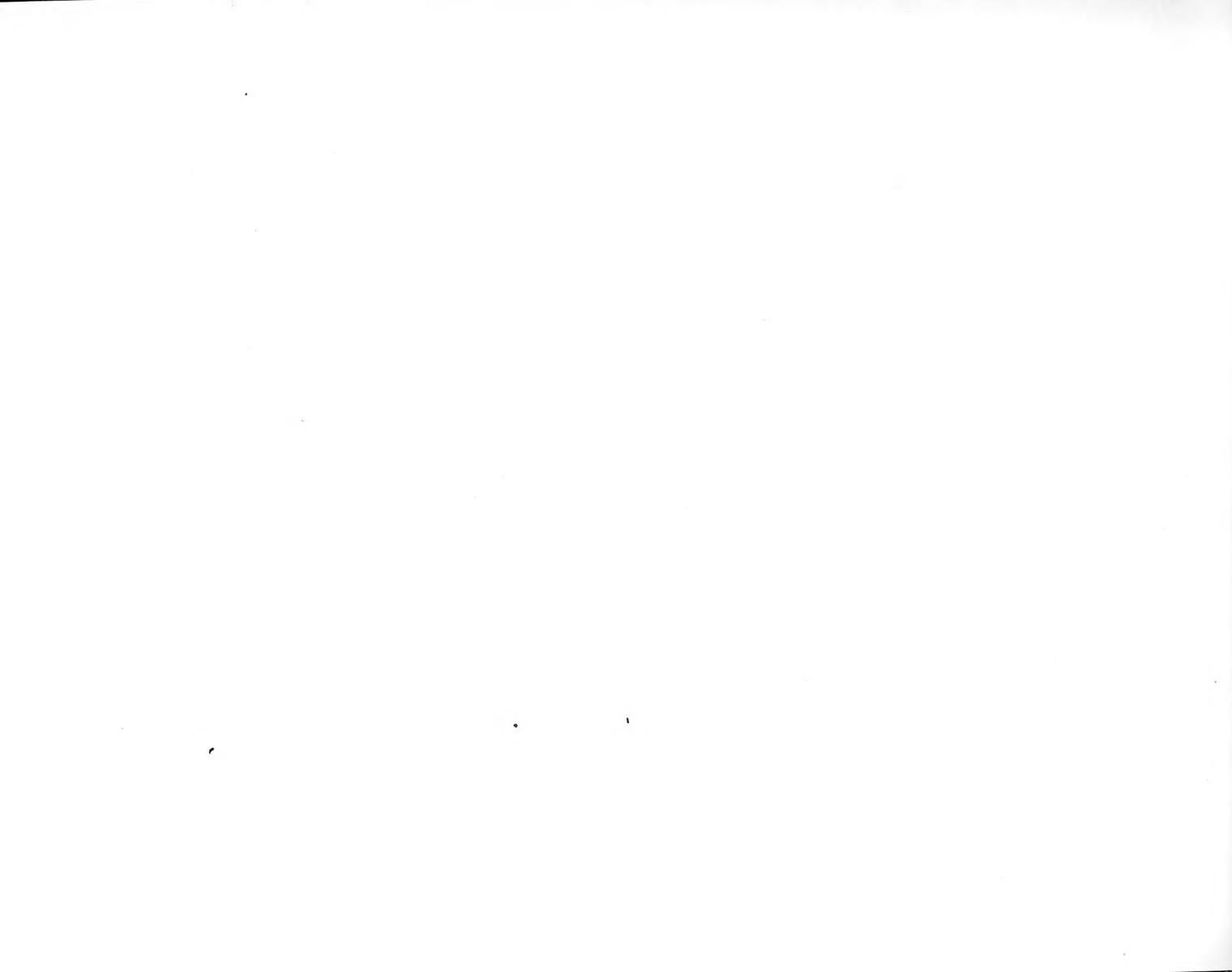
HARRY M. BIFFAR	GEORGE A. KOHLER, JR.
CHAS. F. COUGHLIN	ALBERT E. MAN
MAURICE S. EISNER	JACOB E. MENDELSON
LOUIS FREIDMAN	WILLIAM T. McMAHON
LOUIS M. FRIEDMAN	JOHN D. NOONEY
MORRIS T. HORWITZ	NORMAN B. REESER

SOPHOMORES

WILLIAM J. GATTIE	JAMES F. LYNCH
J. F. MUMFORD, JR.	

LONG— There is nothing in a name.





Phi Chi Fraternity

Chapter Roll

Installed March, 1902

Delta Delta Chapter

Founded 1878 at University of Vermont

Flower—White Carnation

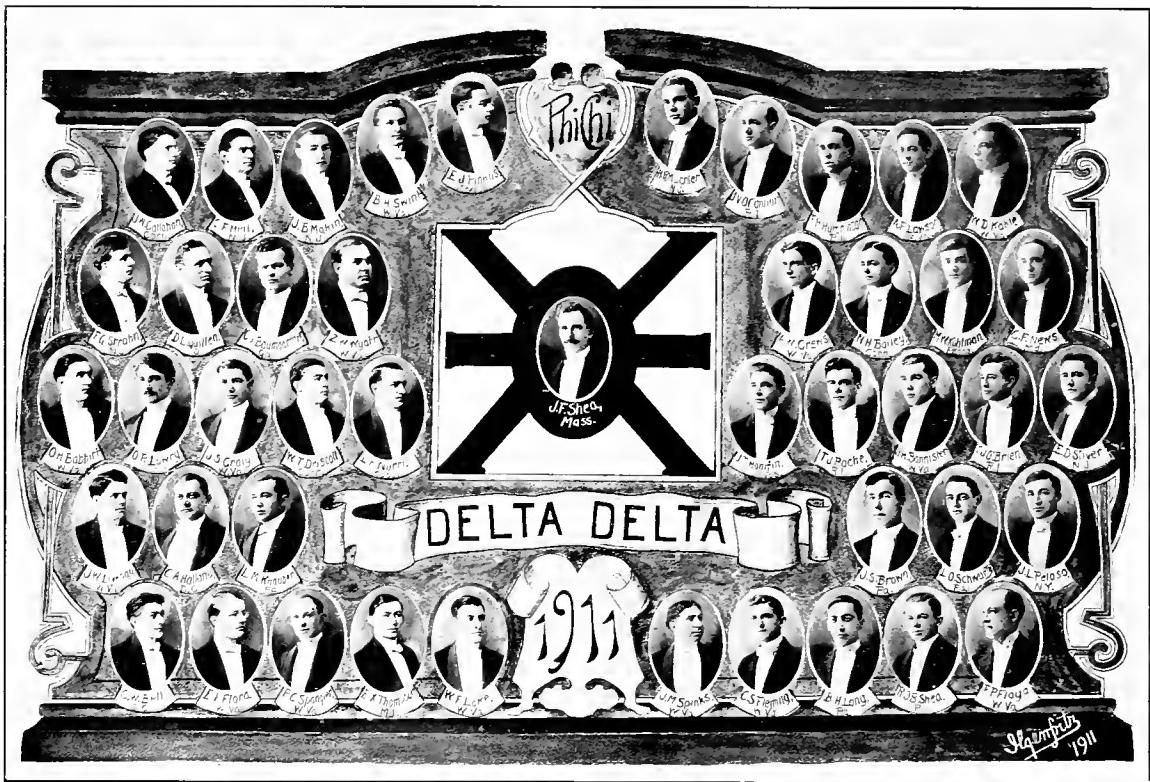
Alpha	Medical Department of University of Vermont
Zeta	Medical Department of University of Texas
Eta	Medical College of Virginia
Theta	University College of Medicine, Richmond
Iota	Medical Department, University of Alabama
Lambda	Medical Department, University of Western Pennsylvania
Mu	Medical College of Indiana, Indianapolis
Nu	Birmingham Medical College, Alabama
Omicron	Medical Department, Tulane University, Louisiana
Xi	University of Fort Worth, Texas
Pi	Medical Department of Vanderbilt University
Rho	Chicago University
Sigma	Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Georgia
Tau	University of South Carolina

JOHNSON—What does this class want to do about this? I am in favor of this, etc.

Upsilon	Atlanta Medical College
Phi	Medical Department, George Washington University
Chi	Jefferson Medical College, Pennsylvania
Psi	University of Michigan
Alpha Alpha	Medical Department, University of Louisville
Alpha Theta	Ohio Wesleyan
Beta Beta	Baltimore Medical College
Gamma Gamma	Medical College of Maine at Bowdoin College
Delta Delta	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore
Theta Theta	Maryland Medical College
Kappa Alpha Kappa	Medical Department, Georgetown University
Pi Sigma	University of Maryland
Sigma Theta	Medical Department, University of North Carolina
Sigma Nu Chi	Chattanooga Medical College, Tennessee
Sigma Mu Chi	Alumni Association, Chattanooga, Tennessee
Phi Sigma	Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery
Chi Theta	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia
Kappa Psi	College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Louis
Pi Delta Phi	Los Angeles Department of Medicine, University of California
Upsilon Pi	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia
Kappa Delta	Medical Department, Johns Hopkins University



IRELAND—He has a private arrangement with the author of these jibes.



Delta Delta Chapter, Phi Chi
Roll of Membership

SENIORS

N. H. BAILEY	E. J. PINKUS	J. V. O'CONNER	W. D. KAHLER
C. J. BAUMGARTNER	A. F. LAWSON	F. H. HUTCHINSON	T. J. ROCHE
J. W. CALLAHAN	J. F. SHEA	J. F. HANIFIN	H. R. MUTHLER
J. B. MAKIN	B. W. SWINT	C. F. HEIL	O. R. LAWRY

JUNIORS

J. H. BANNISTER	Z. W. WYATT	A. W. CREWS	P. C. SPANGLER
N. G. CHAMPE	B. H. LONG	O. L. QUILLEN	J. M. SPINKS
W. T. DRISCOLL	J. S. BROWN	L. F. NORRIS	J. S. CRAIG
T. J. O'BRIAN	L. O. SCHWARTZ	M. W. KUHLMAN	C. A. HOLLAND
E. X. THOMPSON			

SOPHOMORES

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FRESHMEN

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KEOUGH -Canavan, I wish you would be dignified like myself.





Phi Beta Pi Fraternity

Zeta Chapter

Fraternity Founded 1891

Chapter Installed 1901

Colors—Green and White

Chapter House, 931 North Calvert Street

Roll of Active Chapters

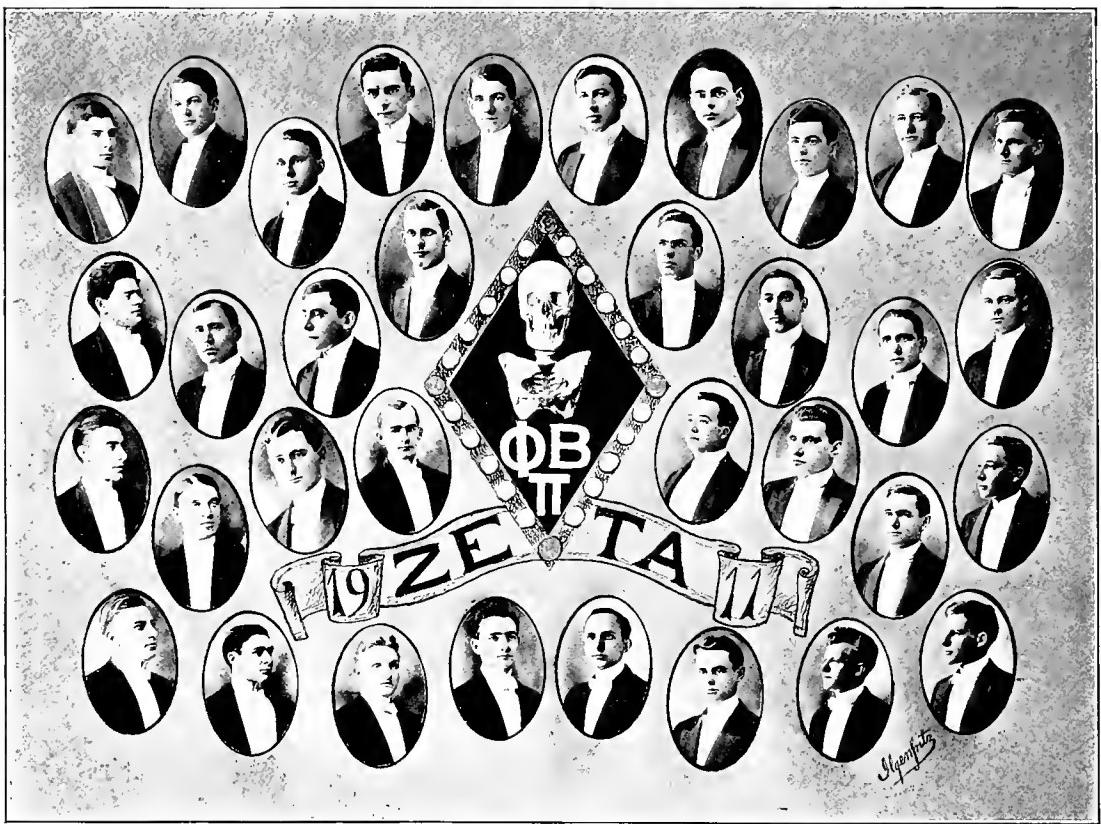
Alpha	University of Pittsburg, Medical Department
Beta	University of Michigan, Medical Department
Delta	Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill.
Epsilon	McGill University, Medical Department
Zeta	Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Eta	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Theta	Northwestern University Medical College
Iota	College of P. and S., University of Illinois
Kappa	Detroit College of Medicine
Lambda	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Mu	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Nu	University Medical College, Kansas City, Mo.

EVANS—I could make a living at most any old thing.

Xi	University of Minnesota, Medical Department
Omicron	Purdue University, Medical College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Pi	University of Iowa, Medical College
Rho	Vanderbilt University, Medical Department
Sigma	University of Alabama, Medical College
Tau	University of Missouri, Medical Department
Upsilon	Ohio Wesleyan University Medical School
Phi	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Chi	Georgetown University Medical School
Psi	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Omega	Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, Cal.
Alpha Alpha	John A. Creighton University, Omaha, Nebr.
Alpha Beta	Tulane University, Medical Department
Alpha Gamma	Syracuse University, Medical Department
Alpha Delta	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Epsilon	Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.
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Alpha Eta	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Alpha Theta	University of Pennsylvania, Medical Department, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Iota	University of Kansas, Medical Department
Alpha Kappa	University of Texas, Medical Department
Alpha Lambda	Cornell University, Medical College, New York City



HOLLAND—All I need is the wooden shoes.



Григорьев

Zeta Chapter, Phi Beta Pi

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Wisdom Picked Up

You can win fame if you can point out to the people facts which they ought to observe for themselves.

Many people go crazy because they are too lazy to guide their own thoughts, and a doctor is often blamed by them because he cannot put brains in an empty head.

Many a man's intellectual life is divided into three stages: when he knows everything; when he does not know very much; when he knows just enough to get along.

Some men's hours are all taken up giving advice.

The fellow that always has a good excuse is never worth a d—.

This world is full of regrets because some one else "got there first."

A man is appreciated according to the amount of help he can give, and the amount he can do without.

Nature has given us two ears and but one tongue, so we can repeat only one-half of what we hear; and a doctor ought not repeat that much.

Of two equal men the public too often honors the one most about whom they know least.

Some people make themselves unpopular by asking sympathy when they do not need it. Others make themselves popular by doing without sympathy when they need it.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed;" but a friend who is not in need is a very desirable acquaintance.

There is enough energy going to waste in the world to do all the work needed in the world.

The world loses many good things because some people are too lazy to work out ideas that circumstances suggest to them.

Know well what you ought to know, and know it at the right time.

In the practice of medicine, when you are uncertain as to whether you shall do, or shall not do a certain thing—don't.

If you do not want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it inscribed in your overcoat.

McMAHON—Spinks and I are the most professional looking men in the class.

The Student's Rubaiyat.

By L. HELLER.

With apologies to Omar Khayyam.

Awake! for Mr. Annan in his coat of white,
Has rung the bell that puts all to flight,
Into the various lecture rooms where we are bid
To listen, and from thence our notes to write.

Perchance, it is a quiz, that's for us waiting,
Or some lab., where with our partners mating,
Reluctantly we take our place and hear,
The waiting "Prof" quite seriously stating,

"Come fill your heads, and on exams next spring,
The winter garments of your efforts fling.
For lo! beware lest lack of answer then,
The tears reluctant, to your eyes might bring."

For the Christmas holidays, reviving old desires,
The reckless stude to his good time retires,
But when his studies to resume he wakens,
Finds that the College year expires.

Some day we too, shall the State Board take,
And then be ready for the cash to make.
So to our studies boys, and leave the rest,
For the world awaits the man that is awake.

Into this College, and why, well knowing,
We enter with resolves quite overflowing,
Then we stop for reasons unbeknown,
And wonder greatly, why our marks go slowing.

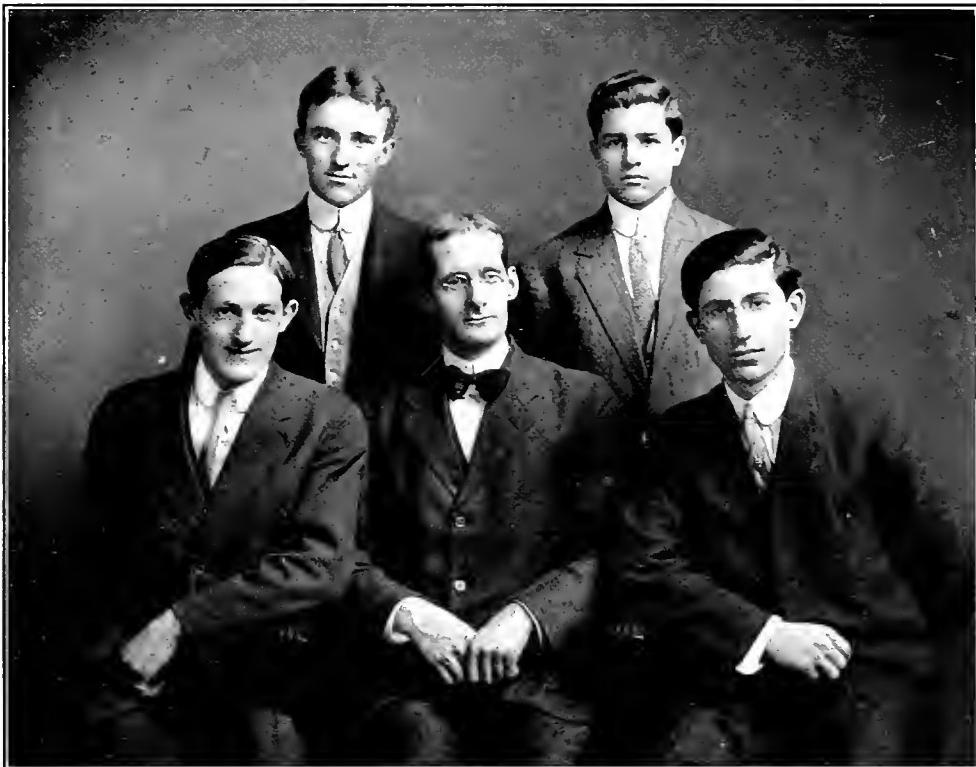
We think, if things were to our heart's desire,
How easy we could change the scheme entire.
How student after student as they'd come,
Would pass and go forever, higher, higher.

Ah! Come with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
Your text books with you for the seed to sow,
And then your memory open study good,
And you won't find it hard to make it go.

Think how those before us, entered by this door,
How they became M. D.'s for evermore.
Think how each abode his hour or two,
And then departed for the world o'er.

MAN—Some day I will be editor of a medical journal.

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Kill or Cure

As Dr. Carey had remarked, Seafield House was a charming place, not a museum of medical horrors.

William Hopkinson had stayed there a week, and he was still alive. He congratulated himself on the fact, for he understood that it was entirely due to his own inexertion.

The specialist's sentence had been a heavy one to a man who was plus three at Harvard, had held the quarter and the hurdles in his year, who would run rather than ride in a motor, who never used an elevator if there was a staircase, and who danced because it was a form of exercise. Hopkinson was an enthusiast under a threat.

He kept it before him in the doctor's parting words: "If you raise your arms above your head during the next month you must be responsible for the consequences. No games or gymnastics. Try and forget all about them, and if they pop up in your mind too often, remember, that it's not worth while putting your head in a noose for the fun of seeing whether it will hang you or not."

Seafield House was luxurious, the cooking above words, the grounds glorious, the sky ideal, and the sea beyond them superb; yet Hopkinson began to wonder whether extinction would not come as a pleasant relief from the awful monotony of a restful existence. His health was certainly improving marvellously.

On the eighth morning of his stay he rose like a giant refreshed, but without hope of occupation. It required all his mental restraint to prevent himself from seizing the carafe of water and performing with it evolution of startling vigor.

He wandered down the broad staircase and out into the sweeping grounds. It was early, and no one was about. On the right, he knew, lay the golf links. Hitherto he had endeavored conscientiously to forget the fact; now he was overcome with an almost morbid desire to see the place, to gaze upon the execution ground to which folly might lead him. He stood within the gates and looked about him curiously. His spirits rose. A better private course he had never seen. Such length! such greens!

"I beg pardon, sir."

Hopkinson started almost guiltily. Standing before him was a man in a Norfolk suit and a rough tweed cap on his head.

MENDELOFF—There is no harm in me.

"Morning," remarked Hopkinson suspiciously.

"I beg pardon, sir, but are you playing?"

"No," it was a shout from Hopkinson.

With a glance of surprise the man turned.

"Yes—I mean why?" Hopkinson amended in a breath.

"There's a lady looking for a match, and no one's turned up," the man answered civilly.

Hopkinson clasped his hands behind his back. A lady! temptation incarnate in the person of a woman. What a fiend she must be!

"I've no clubs," he said, trying to walk onwards.

"We've plenty here, sir, if you'll come out and have a look."

The man led the way towards a wooden shanty which was his workshop. Hopkinson followed—truly "as in a dream." He saw his captor take down a bag of clubs and bring them forward. "These would be just about your length, sir," he heard. Then his hand touched leather. It thrilled him through. His blood mounted; his heart sang. "These are topping," he cried, as the steely whip of a driver responded. He ran the eye of a connoisseur over the weapon in his hand. He was too absorbed to notice that the man had withdrawn. A moment later a voice reached him.

"Here's a gentleman, miss, who'll be very pleased——" Pleased! Hopkinson tried to gaze through a noose, wheeled round, and saw a girl standing in the doorway. He believed he had noticed her before, but he was sure he *saw* her for the first time. From the crown of her delightful little hat to the toes of her wonderful little shoes she was irresistible. She took an easy step forward.

"It's so good of you to take pity on me!" she said, with a frank smile. "But people here are so fond of bed, when they're not kept there."

Hopkinson laughed; he could not help himself. She was so good to look at; to listen to.

"I shall be delighted!" he exclaimed. "It's a great idea--my luck entirely, and what a morning! I don't think there ever was such a day, and grand's the best bad word we've got for it."

The girl joined his laugh and together they turned towards the first tee, arranging the affairs of the moment as only hardened and incorrigible golfers can.

Reaching their starting point, the girl laid down her bag of clubs and threw a glance of affection round the joyous scene.

MENDELSON—The symptoms are p—wh. r r r. Do you get me?

"Have you ever played here before?" she asked, drawing on a glove that swallowed her tiny hand.

The young man shook his head, something about good things in small parcels flitting foolishly across his mind.

"The last time," he began, and stopped. The words seemed to deal him a sudden blow. "The last time I played," he forced himself to continue, "was at Harvard."

The girl shut her eyes and made a little grimace.

"That's the horrible place where they——"

"Yes," said Hopkinson hurriedly, "Won't you take the honor?"

The girl chose a club and prepared for her stroke with what was the nearest thing to golfing grace imaginable. Hopkinson did not qualify the point. He called her movements the poetry of motion, plus a thoroughly useful swing. But as he watched her with delight there crept upon him the knowledge that he was undergoing a most trying experience. He was looking on at a spectacle which gave him great pleasure, which he admired immensely as a golfer and as a man, yet it was a spectacle which he had no reasonable chance of seeing again.

For an instant he hesitated. There was still time to withdraw; to explain to the girl that he was physically infirm; to plead a forgotten appointment.

What was the real danger? Perhaps after all— He met the girl's eyes. There was a look of triumph in them—almost a challenge. Her ball had gone far.

"Tall shot, indeed!" he exclaimed, almost with emotion; and he took up a club.

If this was to be his last stroke he would not spare it. He resolutely refused to see his head through a noose, or the solemn face of Dr. Carey beyond it. He put his whole strength, his whole heart into the shot. Then he shut his eyes and waited.

A little exclamation reached him, as his opponent gazed towards a point where a small white ball lay close up to a small red flag.

"You're very nearly dead!" she cried in admiration of a truly prodigious performance.

Hopkinson opened his eyes, felt the grass beneath his feet, and saw the sky above him.

"Not quite," he said; and the girl wondered why he gasped.

As Hopkinson hit stroke after stroke he underwent an odd mingling of elation and dread. Every second increased the joy of living, of covering the velvet turf side by side with the girl who made golf seem less important than the way she played it. At the same time he realized that he was momentarily tempting Provi-

MORRIS—If you want to see a good show, go to the Gaiety.

dence, no matter whether he took his club or his brassey. Once a twinge shot through him and he held his breath. He was shielded by a bunker, and he clasped his hand to his side. Would he ever play against such odds again?

With the match in his pocket they reached the last green. The pace had been fast, and there was something else which told against him. He threw himself on the grass, and looked towards the girl who had helped to work a miracle. She sat perched on the wall of the green, cool and unconscious of her services. Hopkinson realized the necessity of breaking a delicious silence.

"Let me introduce myself," he said, rising and standing before her. "I'm William Hopkinson, and theoretically speaking, a dead man."

The girl regarded him as a living thing of some interest.

"How d'you do?" she said without a smile. "May I present Gwyndolyn Hunt, who has been persistently committing suicide for the past three weeks?"

William held out his hand with great sincerity in his face.

"May I congratulate you on a failure?" he asked, as he felt her small fingers in his. "I only made the experiment this morning."

Gwyndolyn Hunt nodded slowly.

"I see. Were you long—coming to the point?"

"About two seconds."

"Rather—'sudden death?'"

"You'd have had to play the pro. otherwise."

The girl considered for a moment, with her eyes fixed on a sparkling point of sea far out from the shore.

"We seem to be rather interesting cases," she said at last.

"We are practically one," he decidedly resolutely.

Then they both laughed. But Hopkinson saw a cloud-shadow sweeping swiftly towards them over the greenish golden grass. When it had stolen past he turned to the girl:

"This is how I stand," he began, with a sudden need of sympathy strong upon him, "I'm under a man called Carey—" He stopped as he saw the look of surprise which came into the girl's face.

"Why, he's an old enemy of mine," she declared, and her eyes sparkled defiantly; "he bullies me down here every year for a kill or cure."

NORRIS—Wait for my new book on loveology.

"A kill or cure?" Hopkinson repeated, a chill stealing through him.

"He says that if I follow out his instructions I may live to be a hundred, and if I don't I may not. I generally don't and live on. It may be dangerous but it's rather exciting." Hopkinson, listening to the ripple of her voice and watching the little figure as it moved along with dainty strides, was himself merry with some difficulty--an impatient determination possessed him. The value of his life had suddenly risen to a point which would have appalled the most reckless speculator in human longevity--his own life and the life of another.

Within three hours he stood once more in Dr. Carey's dispiriting consulting-room. He preferred to come to the point standing.

"I want an explanation--please don't beat about the bush," Hopkinson concluded, after a headlong statement of facts.

Dr. Carey looked a trifle grim.

"So you've gone directly against my advice," he said.

"I'm still alive," said Hopkinson doggedly.

Dr. Carey nodded.

"I'm not surprised to see it."

Hopkinson's remark was hardly pardonable.

"I'll be equally frank," the specialist stated, still unruffled. "When you came to me, I saw at once that you were a muscle maniac; that you were destroying your health by a system of exhaustion in which you had the belief of a fanatic. If I had told you to give up all forms of exercise even for a week, you would have laughed and gone on killing yourself. You needed a desperate remedy--and it failed."

Hopkinson shot an anxious glance at the doctor's professional mask.

"But is there any reason why I should peg out? I must know definitely."

"It entirely depends upon yourself."

The young man hesitated for a moment, then sat himself in a chair which faced the dispenser of fate.

"Dr. Carey," he began, with an earnestness which was unmistakable, "if I were to tell you that I thought of marrying--"

"I should say the cure was out of my hands." The specialist in every kind of failure leant back and smiled blandly at his patient.

PAUL--I would go to W. Va. to practice medicine if they did not shoot so many people in that state.

Hopkinson laughed a little nervously.

"Thanks, very much," he said; "but I'm afraid I should still have to play some golf." He rose, but it was hardly in the manner of one whose business is at an end. To Dr. Carey's practiced eye, it was quite certain that he would sit down again. Hopkinson took up his hat and gloves, staring at them as if they were unaccountable objects, and plumped into his chair. He had suddenly realized the enormous difficulty of putting a question which he had already framed at least fifty times with the utmost ease.

"Dr. Carey," he jerked out at last, "there is a question I want to ask you. At Seafield House I have met a patient of yours—Miss Hunt."

There may have been a twinkle in the doctor's eyes through his professional mask, but for only an instant. "She's an old friend of mine," he said, without a trace of surprise in his tone.

Hopkinson gripped the side of his chair. "Is there anything you can tell me about her?" he got out in a tremendous effort.

Dr. Carey leant back and raised his eyebrows. His lips were not quite firm.

"My dear sir," he said, "I'm really not in the young lady's confidence."

Hopkinson brushed the words aside.

"I mean her health. Is she—frightfully ill? Will she go on living? I'm asking because—simply because that it's the most important thing that matters for me."

Suddenly the specialist's face became that of a man who still believes that hearts are something more than mechanical necessities. He allowed his eyes to twinkle fully as he leant forward and patted the young man on the shoulder.

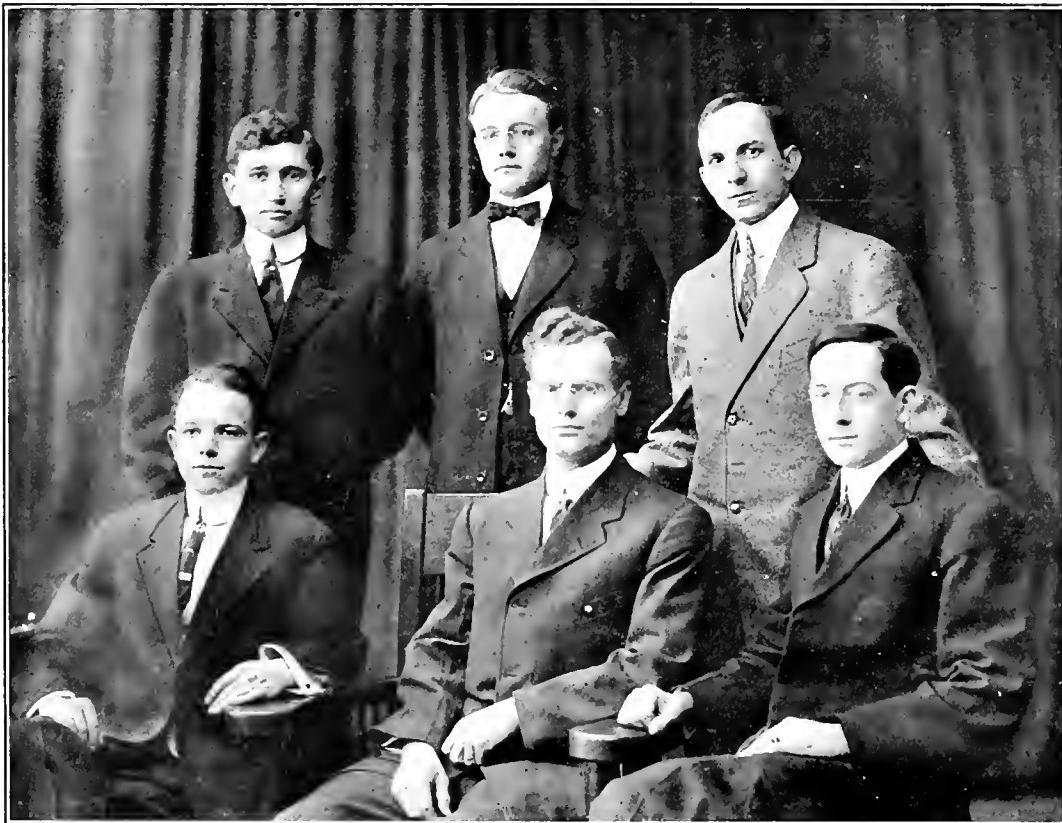
"The worst thing that obstinate young woman is suffering from," he said heartily, "is a happy belief that I'm an imposter. When she's run down I send her to Seafield House to disobey all my instructions. As a professional secret, I don't mind telling you that they are carefully prepared for the purpose."

With a great sigh of relief and thoughtfulness Hopkinson rose and gripped the doctor's extended hand. Then with supreme air of absentness, he placed a small pile of gold and silver on the desk. Dr. Carey returned it with a knight's move, crossed the room, touched a bell, and came back.

"Ask me to the wedding instead," he said, as the door opened.

B. ARMFORD.

POISAL—You would not believe it, but I am a great ladies' man.



Y. M. C. A. Officers, 1910-11

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HORWITZ—Back to Coney Isle.

"Them" Bacilli.

By A. H. SMITH.

If you're in a listenin' humor,
Will you listen to my song?
You can learn it if you want to
For it won't be very long;
It is all about the microbes,
That will some day make you die—
Little pollwigs of sickness,
Doctors call them bacilli.
You can find them in your houses,
You can find them in your clothes,
You can find them in the breezes,
And in every wind that blows;
But they don't do any damage
'Fur as I could ever see,
And I never worry 'bout 'em,
'Cause they can't

Skeer
Me.

If you get the chills and fever,
Or you catch a sneezin' cold,—
Have the grip or mumps or measles
"It's the microbes," you'll be told,
That are skippin' through your system,
Huntin' something good to eat,
Kickin' up an awful racket,
Makin' lots of extra heat.
You will find them in your system,
In your bones and on your skin,
For you eat them in your victuals,
Where they're always "gittin'" in;
But they don't do any damage
'Fur as I could ever see,
And I never worry 'bout 'em,
'Cause they can't

Skeer
Me.

If you eat a gorgin' stomach
Full of soggy apple pie,
And you "git" so awful painy,
That you think you're goin' to die,
You can send for any doctor
And he'll tell you mighty quick
"It's the microbes started workin'
That has made you feel so sick."
You can find them in your stomach,
You can find them in your head,
You can find them in your carcass,
And they'll eat you when you're dead,
But they don't do any damage
'Fur as I could ever see,
And I never worry 'bout 'em,
'Cause they can't

Skeer
Me.

If you reach into your pocket,
And pull out a dollar bill,
You will find enough of microbes,
More than twenty men to kill,—
"Wish you'd give me 'bout a million,—
"Bet yer life" I'd have the gall,
Just to stuff 'em in my trousers,
With bacilli and all.
For you'll find them in your money,
And you'll find them everywhere,—
Find them in the Pullman coaches,—
Find them in the passengers,
But they don't do any damage
'Fur as I could ever see,
And I never worry 'bout 'em,
'Cause they can't

Skeer
Me.

POST—I have not been out a single night this year.

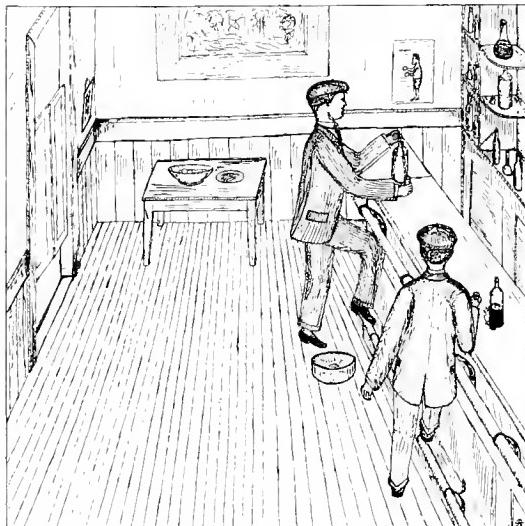
"THEM" BACILLI—*Continued*

If you meet some friends that's sporty
And stay out 'till two at night,
Then slip home and crawl in quiet
So your wife won't know you're tight;
When you "get" that awful headache
'Till you think your skull 'll bust
You can tell her that the microbes
"Has" just formed a headache-trust.
For you'll find them in your whiskey,
And you'll find them in your gin,
'Taint no use to strike agin' 'em
For they will be gettin' in,
But they don't do any damage
'Fur as I could ever see,
And I never worry 'bout 'em,
'Cause they can't

Skeer
Me.

Long ago when our old "daddies,"
With their muscle and their brawn,
Felled the trees, and cleared the forest,
In the good old days agone,
Catnip tea and pitch-pine plasters,
In all ailings had the call,
Then there was no microbe nonsense
And no bacilli at all,
Now you'll find them in your parlor,
And you'll find them in your hall,
You will find them in your carpets,
And you'll find them on the wall,
But they don't do any damage
'Fur as I could ever see,
And I never bother 'bout 'em,
'Cause they can't

Skeer
Me.



QUILLAN—I dare them to find anything to say about me.

ATHLETICS



BY
M. E. G.

THERE IS
~~NO~~ ONE

The Calendar

- | | |
|---------|---|
| October | 3—School opens.
4—College boys are very conspicuous on the boarding house streets.
5—The play houses are well patronized.
6—Nothing doing.
7—The same.
9—Sunday. The Freshmen go to church.
10—The Sophomores elect class officers.
12—These same class officers are impeached, and some of them flee the wrath that threatens.
14—The Sophomores and Freshmen push each other around for the amusement of the upper classmen. In other words, the "rush" occurs.
16—Sunday. Some of the Freshmen go to church.
17—Work begins in earnest.
18—The Freshmen hear of "The Clinic."
20—One of the Juniors at a clinic listens to a heart beat with the ear pieces of his stethoscope around his neck. (His name is not given because he is a member of the "Clinic" staff.)
21—Canavan arrives.
23—Sunday.
24—Kimsey meeting Dr. Gamble on the steps asks, "Who did you 'guys' elect president of your class?" Dr. Gamble says, "You flatter me."
26—Rusmiselle's new book, "The Pleasures of a Chafing Dish" is announced.
29—The Freshmen have a theatre party at the Gaiety.
30—Sunday. |
|---------|---|

REESER—I would if I could, but I can't. Why? Because I am married now.

- November 1—Some of the boys ask to be forgotten by the "Clinic" editors.
4—Wyatt goes to the New Theatre in full dress.
6—Sunday.
8—One of the Sophomores suffering from pruritis prescribes for himself blue vitrol instead of blue ointment.
9—The young man referred to above suffers intensely because of his lapse in memory.
11—Some of the boys pay high prices for volumes of "Pinkey."
13—Sunday.
15—Rus goes to "fuss." Leaves word that if anyone calls him to say he is sick. A call comes and the "dust" is handed over the wire as per directions. —— auto comes with girl and flowers, and Shannon is taxed to the limit of his ingenuity to save Rus' reputation.
17—Bennett does the "Scandinavian operation."
20—Sunday.
21—There is an agitation for an improved cloak room.
22—A committee sees the Dean. Nothing doing.
25—at six P. M. Shannon goes for a walk saying, "Perhaps at this hour some one may be waiting for me."
- December 1—It is reported that Dr. Herring will give no examination this year on nervous diseases. There is great rejoicing in class.
3—in 51 Dr. Chambers calls for four volunteer diagnosticians. The quartet hasten into the pit but fail to diagnose.
4—Sunday.
5—Shannon and Norris decide to be surgeons and become very active in the dispensary.
6—There is an agitation in favor of examinations occurring next week.
7—Thompson and Beale prove themselves close rivals of the surgeons, Shannon and Norris.
8—Committees are appointed by the classes to coax, threaten, or coerce the Dean.
9—The Dean says, "You will go home on the twenty-third."
10—The classes hear the report. There is a mighty groan.
11—Sunday.

ROBERTS—I am learning to be an actor.

- 14—Lectures are well attended.
15—It is still very cold.
16—Meditation upon the trials soon to come make subdued the dispositions of some otherwise noisy Freshmen.
17—The Sophomores and Freshmen have their first examinations.
18—Sunday. Everybody studies.
19—The Senior and Junior examinations begin.
21—Some of the Professors hurt our feelings by giving their regular lectures this week.
23—Examinations are finished and everybody starts home, except those that don't.

January
2—College is reopened and the fondness of the boys for the home fireside is made very manifest.
3—Dr. Morril rewards the early returning students in his medicine class by quizzing them. The victims swear that they will return late next year.
5—It is reported that Roberts has a real, live girl.
6—A student was caught studying. He was warned not to repeat the offense during the three weeks following Christmas.
7—Everybody goes to a play.
8—Sunday. Kimsey makes his bimonthly call.
9—The boys begin to hear from the mid-term examinations.
10—About all students have returned.
11—The Sophomores have an examination in toxicology.
12—The lecturers have warmed up and tell us more facts than we feel like writing down.
13—Because of the day and date many of the boys remain sober.
14—Again we all go to a play.
15—Sunday. Nobody gets up for breakfast.
17—The Seniors and Juniors *do not* get their grades on medicine.
18—"Cocky" Williams injures himself by eating sumptuously of a certain birthday cake.
19—Some of the Seniors and Juniors promise to go immediately and have their pictures taken.
20—The "Clinic" board sit up and take nourishment.
21—Dr. Chambers lectures to the Juniors without telling any jokes.

SALSBURY—Let us show a little college spirit.

- 22—Sunday. A great snow storm keeps everybody home.
23—Dr. Jones tells us the percentage of dog and cat found in cheap sausages.
24—Yesterday, today and tomorrow the Sophomores test their knowledge of pathology.
25—Some one, representing himself as Magistrate Farnan, calls Dight over the telephone. Dight drops the receiver, calls his roommate, and dives under the bed.
28—Notice is posted for the Freshmen to report in the dissecting room. Six of them throw a fit.
29—Sunday.
30—Two Sophomores have a fight.
31—Another fight is reported. It becomes epidemic.
- February
- 1—Mr. Annan is reported sick.
 - 2—The Juniors spirit away from the office a perfectly good box of chalk, divide the same, and proceed to have a chalk fight.
 - 3—Mendlesohn feels sick, throws an egg, gets a ducking, and is better now.
 - 4—The hope of a tomorrow sustains us through a weary day.
 - 5—Sunday. The hope is realized and for a stimulus we must hope another hope.
 - 6—A mass meeting is held and arrangements made for a theatre party.
 - 7—Tickets are out.
 - 8—The fact becomes known that Dr. Herring *will* give an examination in neurology. There is great activity in class.
 - 11—The Sophomores are divided in their fear of an examination and their hope of leaving the dissecting room.
 - 12—Sunday.
 - 13—We welcome Mr. Annan back to his old place.
 - 15—A Senior seeing a lecture posted for five o'clock P. M. starts an agitation against "night school."
 - 17—Reeser takes a trip to Camp Hill.
 - 19—Sunday. Eisner, Kohler and Coughlin take their canes out for a walk.
 - 21—Almost everybody goes to the theatre party.
 - 22—Everybody sleeps late on the holiday because those that did not have money enough to go to the play spent late hours in the wine rooms of the city.

SCOTT—Post and I took the pledge together.

- 23—Smith goes to a banquet but finds that his stomach, after being accustomed to boarding house refreshments, cannot "compensate."
- 25—The first spring day is here.
- 26—Sunday. Everybody takes a walk in Druid Hill Park.
- 27—The winner in the prize essay contest gets his award.
- March
- 1—Mercy Hospital is closed to visitors through fear of an epidemic of diphtheria.
- 3—Dr. Leitz calls the Junior roll. Sixty men are present and sixty-five answer present. Doctor becomes angry and passes out an ultimatum.
- 4—Schumiacher sets forth to find the feminine sound.
- 5—Sunday.
- 7—Some of the Juniors prowl around the college seeking their weekly recreation. They find it in the dissecting room with the Sophomores and Freshmen.
- 8—The Freshmen trio hold a rehearsal.
- 9—The Seniors and Juniors have some preliminary examinations.
- 10—Some of the boys are suffering from the mumps.
- 11—Sunday. The double elopement of Costanzo and Goldstein is thwarted by a vigilant papa.
- 13—This is moving day at the Chisholm Building.
- 14—Sheahan starts a mustache.
- 15—It is noticed that Costanzo's name is always on the mail list.
- 17—Everybody takes a day off.
- 18—Next year's "Clinic" Staff is elected.
- 19—Sunday. Again we have a disagreeable, rainy day.
- 23—For a few days the author of these lines has been suffering with the mumps, and has been in no humor to keep any record of events.
- 24—The "Clinic" goes to press.

SHANNON—I don't care what any of them say. I'll do as I please.

In Ye Olden Times

The Ancients thought the world was flat
And right they were.
There's not the slightest doubt of that
I must aver,
They had no banquets, benighted dubs,
To go to them,
They had no cigarettes or clubs
Like modern men.
They had no chorus maids
No quail on toast,
No dames with flaxen braids
No "meat to roast."
They had no highballs in their day,
No rye, no gin,
They thought the world was flat, and say,
It must have been.

Dusty, Jack and Blondy

Four years ago three brothers camped
Beside the stream of knowledge,
And now we find each represents
A phase of life at college,

To be a sport was Dusty's aim,
And this the story's sequel—
At calicoing, pool or cards
Sir Dusty had no equal.

But Blondy we see with hungry zeal
A store of lore amasses—
From "Freshman Bones" to "Senior Med."
He's leading all his classes.

With equal zest did old Jack strive
For honor in the "Rushes,"
He sent his opponents hobbling off
Like crippled cavalry horses.

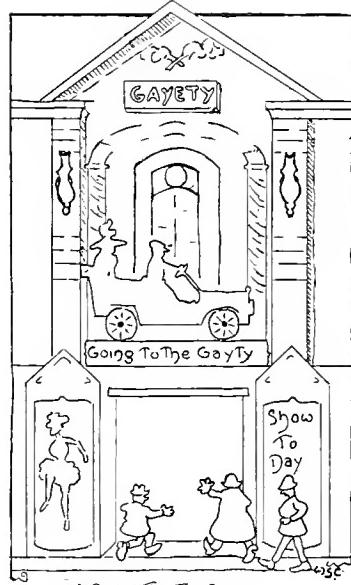
"HAM."

SHEAHAN—That perfume you smell, is on me. It makes the girls notice my pompadour.

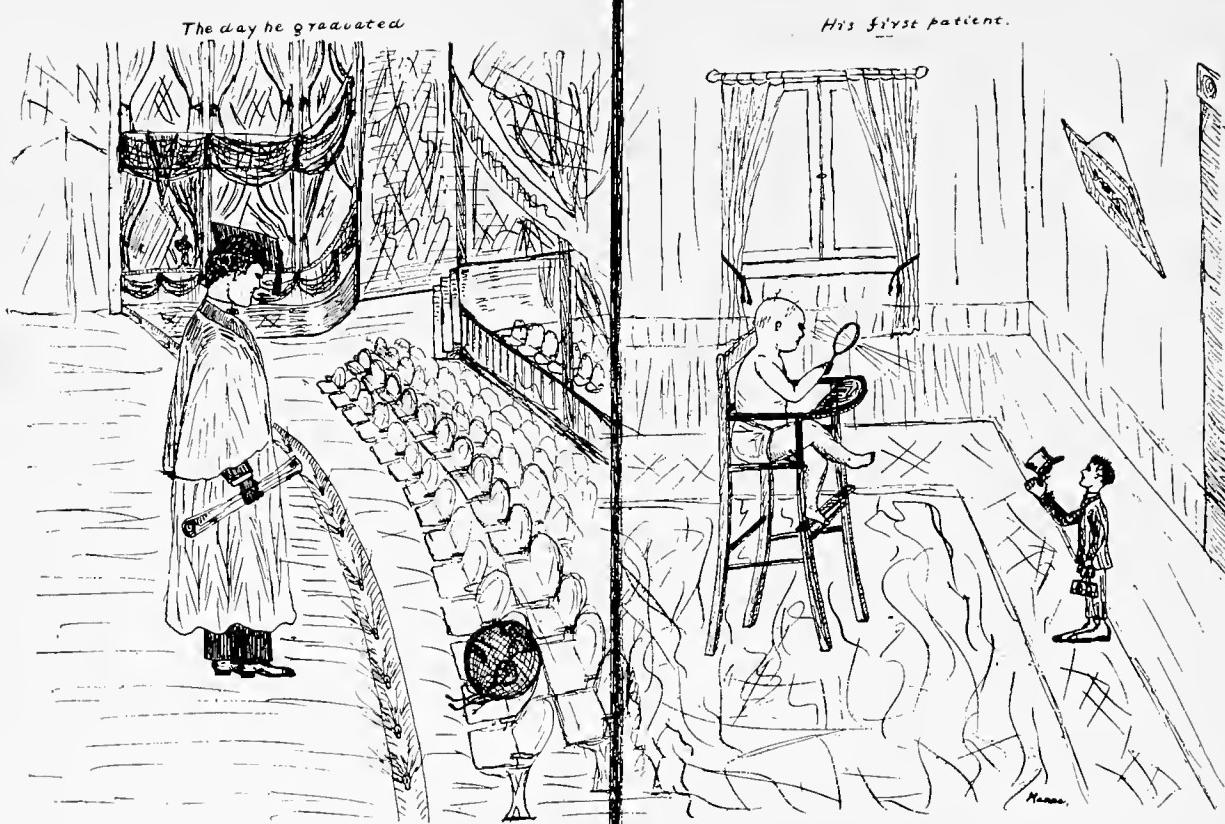
THE DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
WELL-KNOWN PLAYS AND PLAYERS
FOR THE COMING SEASON:

"A Fool There was,"—Roberts.
"The Happiest Night of His Life,"—Sprouls.
"Man Who Owns Broadway,"—Poisal.
"I'll Be Hanged If I Do,"—Long.
"Sis Hopkins,"—Lake.
"Jumping Jupiter,"—Costanzo.
"A Matinee Idol,"—Canavan.
"Girls,"—Keough.
"The Merry Widow,"—Kimsey.
"The Easiest Way,"—Kelly.
"The Commuters,"—Hanna, Holland.
"As Told in the Hills,"—Atkius.
"The Country Boy,"—Spinks.
"A Gentleman From Mississippi,"—Draughn.
"Kelly From the Emerald Isle,"—Kelley.
"The Man From Home,"—Sullivan.
"The Passing of the Third Floor Back,"—Dwyer.
"Why Smith Left Home,"—Smith.
"The Stranger,"—Champe.
"The Wearing of the Green,"—McMahon.
"Don't Lie to Your Wife,"—Tobin.
"The Girl I Love,"—Reiser.
"The Girl of My Dreams,"—Brown.
"Henpecks,"—Christopherson, Anderson, Beal.
"Jolly Bachelors,"—Quillan, Crews, Bannister.
"Three Twins,"—Coughlin, Kahle, Eisner.
"The Fascinating Widow,"—Rusmiselle.
"Lost in Society's Whirl,"—Shannon.
"Across the Great Divide,"—Day.
"Anti-Matrimony,"—Wyatt.
"In Old New York,"—Aimone.
"At the Old Cross Roads,"—Williams.
"The County Sheriff,"—Bennett.
"The Woman He Married,"—Silver.



IS This a Theatre?
Oh no! Merely our new
"Anatomy" lecture hall!





Breaks and Jokes

Be not sore, if here below
You find a grind, a knock or blow
That shows that you're not the whole show;
Just grin and bear it—here we go.

—Sooy.

When Spinks and an Irishman were hoboing it to Baltimore on the C. & O., they rode blind-baggage. Water ran low so it was necessary to take on a few hundred gallons. The fireman lowered his chute, and it wasn't long before the water was flying over the back of the tender. After they had passed the trough, the Irishman turned to Spinks and said, "Phat was thot we wint through—a lake?"

"No, it was the fireman taking water on the fly," answered Spinks as soon as he had mopped his face.
"Well, fer the love of man, don't fergit to tell me when he takes coal on the fly," replied the Irishman.

Dr. Ruhrah (quizzing)—"Mr. Adkins, what is the base of the official suppository?"
Adkins (loudly)—"The pointed end is the apex and the other end is the base."

Dr. Leitz (quizzing)—"Horwitz, after giving a test meal, how would you remove it from the stomach?"
Horwitz—"By a test tube."

Dr. Gardner—"Bennett, what do we have next to the abdominal wall?"
Bennett—"Why, the kidney."

SMITH—Recognized to be a comer.

Dr. Fort—"What is a fluidex tract, Schumacher?"

Schumacher—"Let's see. A fluidex tract is a solid substance, one gram of the crude drug weighing one minim."

Dr. Wade has been conducting a series of tri-weekly lectures on magic. He declares his class has become highly proficient in making test tubes, puppets, reagent bottles and other valuable glassware disappear.

Seggara—"Sanchez, why are the alveoli of the lungs seen empty under the microscope?"

Sanchez—"Because during functional activity they contain blood and after death it is washed out."

Dr. Hutchins (quizzing)—"Coughlin, what are the cardinal symptoms of inflammation?"

Coughlin—"Rubor, Calor, SWELLOR, Dolor and impaired function."

Dr. White—"Mr. Gluck (senior), how do the trichina enter the body?"

Gluck—"By eating improper food."

Dr. White—"What kind of improper food?"

Gluck—"Pork."

For after effects of methylene blue administered in candy see Canavan.

How easy it is to fool the world. Eisner has a "Mrs." and we did know it.

It has been noticed that Mendelsohn has been losing weight since Dr. Jones' lecture: "Sausages and their contents."

Dr. White—"How large is the uncinaria, Gocke?"

Gocke—"Well, Doctor, I've seen some pretty good sized ones."

Dr. White—"About how big?"

Gocke—"Oh, well, about the size of a pencil."

Sooy—Please do not presume to tell me anything about baseball.

Who is it that makes frequent trips to East Baltimore to see one of the fair sex? Kelley.

Dr. Gardner—"Any man who uses the word catarrhal in making a diagnosis does not know what the real trouble is."

Bradley (aside to Carpentier)—"Say, Carpentier, you'll use that word a lot when you get out in practice, won't you?"

Dr. Morril—"Champe, do you know when the mosquito was first thought to be a carrier of disease?"—(pause)—It has been within my life but probably before you were born."

Champe—"Oh, along about 1853, I reckon."

Beal (talking to Dr. Morril on malaria)—"I think you *marbe* right, Doctor."

Sunday evening, Dec. 7th, Canavan called on a girl and fell asleep. She must have been an entertaining young lady.

Gaggioli—"Doctor, in what disease do we find the umbilicus falling below the stomach?"

Dr. J. Friedenwald—"What's that?"

It surely is funny to see Norris, Bennett, Whitecomb and Cooper (senior) strutting around trying to be men.

Dr. Sanger—"Mendelsohn, where do we find the base of the heart?"

Horwitz taps three times on Mendelsohn's back meaning the third rib.

Mendelsohn—"Why, Doctor, it's found at the scapula."

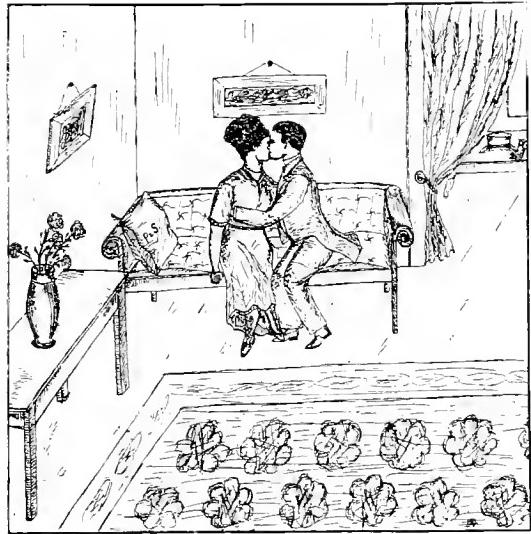
Pelusio says, "If we live we do not die."

Dr. McCleary—"That is right."

Keegan—"Well, Old Pal, what marks did you get in the mid-terms?"

Bigelow—"I ain't went in yet."

SPEARMAN—This work is not enough to keep my spirits subdued.



Thompson comes in late to class, takes his seat and sings out: "Dr. Beck, Dr. Thompson is here."

Dr. Beck—"I'm glad to know it."

Dr. McCleary (Path. Lab.)—"Good morning, Smith, how are you?"

Pat. Smith—"Pretty well, Doctor."

Dr. McCleary—"Say, Pat, do you know what Soph. means?"

Pat.—"No, what does it mean?"

Dr. McCleary—"Well, it means *wise* and Sophomore means *more wise*. Come around and see us oftener. We meet here on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The class starts at 12:00 sharp.

Said Dr. Stokes, smiling one A. M.,
"You must blame the department of C. M.
Were the case up to me,
There surely would be,
No delay in this matter of P. M."
—B. S. H.

Dr. Ruhrah—"Champe, if after you get out in practice, a person should come to you suffering extreme nervousness, what would you do?"

Champe—"I would send for a doctor."

Doctor Jones (lecturing on fish in Hygiene) Room 33.

McMahon—"Doctor, do fish produce brains?"

Dr. Jones—"No, Doctor. Brains are only obtained from your ancestors."

Thompson—"O'Brien, what can I call you that would make you fight?"

O'Brien—"Call me Thompson."

Biffer—"Mendelsohn, what is a monstrosity?"

Mendelsohn—"Anyone who is abnormal as to size; for instance, Cooper of the Senior class."

SPANGLER—I may give up medicine and go on the stage.

Gaggioli—"Doctor, what point do they attack in the intestines?"
Dr. Lockwood—"I didn't know the intestines were pointed."

Dr. Ries (Anatomy quiz)—"Mr. Horn, what is the blood supply to the shoulder joint?"
Horn (promptly) —"The Brachial Plexus."

Lussier and O'Connor have notified the early spring flies that Baldhead Lake is open for skating.

Dr. Doffin (lecturing)—"There's a corset made in New York City which I have been using for the past three years, and I find it satisfactory."

Dr. Gardner—"Mutchler, what do we find in a fibroma?"
Mutchler—"We find the stretococcus there."
Dr. Gardner—"And we may find an elephant there, too."

Dr. Fort—"Schumacker, what official preparation contains India rubber?"
Schumacker—"Hot-water bags."

Dr. Lockwood (two days after election)—"Is Arch Hall present?"
Someone answers—"Doctor, Arch is absent."
Dr. Lockwood—"What's wrong—is he sick or a Republican?"

Dr. Fort—"Gomez, what is a trituration?"
Gomez—"Why, a thing you push into the body by the different entrances."
Dr. Fort—"You're looking on the wrong page."

Dr. Fort—"Griffith, what is a dose of resina?"
Griffith—"Four fluidrahms."

SPINKS—At least here is the appearance of a doctor.

Dr. Gamble—"Kahle, are there any cases on record where a diseased kidney has been removed before it was found that it was the only kidney the patient had, the other having been removed during a previous operation?"

Kahle—"Yes, Doctor, several kidneys have been removed when only one was present."

"Hello, Billie," said a Freshman to a classmate who was whistling as he walked along, "where are you going?"

"I'm going up to Doctor Bevan's to be examined for appendicitis," said Billie.

"Well, you don't seem to be very much worried about it," said the first.

"Oh, no;" smiled Billie. "There won't be anything doing. I've never been able to pass an examination the first time in all my young life."

Bennett said, "Gee, that Madame the Tenth show certainly was great."

The house of Bennett's theatrical instinct is the Celtic, a moving picture place on Greenmount Avenue.

Dr. Fort—"Suppose you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid. Everything else being equal, what would you administer?"

Kelly—"The Sacrament."

Dr. Chambers (removing pins from patient's garments)—"Evidently your mother was a woman."

Carpentier—"Kelley, when is a man drunk?"

Kelley—"When he has to hold on to the grass to keep himself from falling off the earth."

Bradley—"That fellow would be in a h---- of a predicament in the winter time."

The Senior class would like Hamilton to explain what he means by a Sanitary Man and Hygienic Gentleman.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food, and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient, "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."

SPOULS—if you want to start an argument, say something contrary to my views on baseball.

Dr. Morril—"How would you distinguish between the ordinary and malarial mosquitoes?"
Costanzo—"I'd see which ones had the more handsome hind legs."

Freshman Farrell sends a telegram to his father asking to come home, and receives following:

TELEGRAM

"Don't be foolish. Stick it out. Forget girl in Westerly. Get one in Balto. (Signed) FATHER.

Who etherized the cat? Crofton.
Who gave it artificial respiration? Wyant.

Driscoll and "Bull" Shehan meet on the street.

Shehan—"Going down to *school*, Dris?"

Driscoll—"No; I'm going down to *college*."

THE MID-NIGHT CALL.

Time—January 31st, 3.00 A. M. Place—ΦΒΠ Fraternity House, 931 N. Calvert St.

ACT I.

The telephone rings, is answered, and a feminine voice is heard to say: "May I speak to Dr. Hamilton?" Hamilton, accompanied by his guardian Marschner, rushes to the 'phone.

Hamilton—"Hello."

Fem. voice—"Is that you Edward Sinclair?"

Hamilton—"Yes, who is this?"

Fem. voice—"This is — — at Lutherville. I wanted to tell you that our college is burning to the ground, and we barely escaped. I lost everything. I am worried sick, and I don't know what to do."

Hamilton (to rescue)—"Do you need money?" And turning to his guardian, Jack, says, "We can let them have all they want, can't we, Jack?"

Jack—"Sure! Any amount at all!" (Brave boy is Jack.)

SULLIVAN—There is no advantage in much talk.

ACT II. 7:00 A. M. Same morning.

All the friends of Jack and Hamilton are aroused from sleep and relieved of all their loose change for the benefit of suffering humanity at Lutherville.

Jack and Hamilton wore a big chest and the others went hungry until their checks came.

Mothers—"Oh! Fireman save my ch-i-i-l-d!!!!"

Quinn gets a haircut, Jan. 30th, '11.

He walks proudly into a barber shop and sits down. The barber reminds him of a few extras, so Quinn gets them. Here they are :

Hair singe	\$0.50
Shampoo.....	.25
Facial massage25
Shave.....	.10
Hair tonic.....	.10
	<hr/>
	\$1.20

Barber—" \$1.20, please." At this Quinn almost drops, but recovers suddenly and starts a search for coin. He is unsuccessful, and is forced to leave his watch and ring until he can borrow the amount from his generous room-mate, "Smiling" Tobin.

March 14, '11. Gocke has worn a collar two days already. I wonder what is wrong?

We all wonder what Adkins would do if he were Dean.

Dr. McCleary—"Why, what's the matter that you don't feel better? Did you follow my prescription?"

Cranky Patient—"Not I. If I had, I would have broken my neck; for I threw the darn thing out of the window."

SWARTZ—The new triumvirate; Swartz, a newspaper and a pipe.



LOST! SINCE OCTOBER 30th, 1908:

A two-inch eyeglass and card, together with a cane. Finder please return same to J. B. Kilbourne. He rooms at "what's-his-name" next door to "who-do-call-him."

Kimzey (Junior)—"Sooy, Old Boy, studying is making you bald-headed."

Sooy—"Fritz, you're wrong. It's the absence of hair that is making me bald-headed."

O'Brien (Junior)—"I'm almost broke. I have only ten cents."

Evans—"That's all right. That means two beers, one for you and one for me."

O'Brien—"Not a bit of it. That's one today and one tomorrow *for me*."

Ginty (after Histological Lab. exam.)—"Sanchez, I'll bet you five dollars the third was the kidney."

Sanchez—"I know it was. I saw the bile duct in it."

Don't fail to read the latest work on "Domestic Science" entitled:

"THE PLEASURES OF THE CHAFING DISH"

by "Haemophilia" Rusmiselle.

Goeke inaugurated a new "School" of Surgical Technique in the amphitheatre. He used sterile forceps to remove lids from jars containing sterile dressings and took out the dressings with nonsterile hands.

Sooy comes in late to class.

Dr. Novak—"Sooy, where've you been?"

Sooy—"On my way, Doctor."

Dr. Novak—"The boys reported that you had the mumps and by the way you walk it looks as though they were of the metastatic variety."

SWEET—I am now glad I did not return home after that first day in Baltimore. I owe it to Mr. Annan.

Bailey—"Cal, they tell me Pat. Smith is a well preserved young man."

Callahan—"He had ought to be. He's been pickled ever since he's been down here."

O'Brien certainly likes the Merry Widow. He was out walking with her not long ago. If he had had his bamboo walking cane along, everything would have looked all right.

By the way things look it won't be long before John E. Burke will be issuing wedding invitation~~s~~ to his friends.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In Fayetteville, W. Va., Bennett says, the apparatus of the fire company is owned by one man. This same man also runs the post-office and is, in the bargain, the only policeman of the town. One night somebody broke into the post-office and stole three heads of cabbage and a half basket of turnips. This made the postmaster angry and to punish the offender he went to the fire-house and took his fire fighting apparatus home where it was stored in the barn. Then he started to look up the thief, which goes to show that the post-office, the police force, and the fire company of Fayetteville is a d—— fine man.

March 17th. Richard Shea does a Steve Brodie down to the college at 12:00 P. M. to see a double Cesarean Section.

Schwartz (to Reeser who has just returned from Harrisburg)—"Did you spend much time at home?"

Reeser—"No, I did not go visiting very often."

Dr. Brack—"What would you find by abdominal palpation?"

Aronovitz—"You would find the two poles——" (then hesitates).

Dr. Brack—"Yes, you might find two Poles, two Russians, two Frenchmen, or two Jews, but that is not what I meant."

THOMPSON—Dr. Beck, this is Dr. Thompson.

A Question

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
On the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling, the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the end of his toes?
What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?
Can the crook of elbow be sent to jail?
And, if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blade?
I'll be hanged if I know. Do you?

—L. F. N.

WHEELER—Believe me, I am one of the girls.

Selections From Ye Near Poets

Pathologic Parodies

"Oh! fair are the halls where stern Peritonitis
Makes love to Miss Asthma, and courts
Catarrh.
Where the bright Influenza is wooed by Iritis,
And Psoas joins Measles in 'Beautiful Star.'"

"Oh! bright gleams the eyes of that flirt
Erythema,
And lightly Pneumonia whirls round in the
dance.
Pleuritis is madly in love with Cœdema,
And Herpes courts Cholera with amorous
glance.

And old Mrs. Scabious told Mr. Phlebitis
She'd brought Melanosis at last to the point;
You know his six thousand a year (Laryngitis
Will find that his nose is a bit out of joint.)

Long, I shall dream of that fool Scarlatina;
She gave me a rose from her rash at the ball,
On that thrice happy night when Miss Gutta
Serena
Kissed Captain Psoriasis out in the hall.

Adieu! Sweet Chorea! Farewell! Carcinoma!
Hystenia! My heart with emotion doth swell,
That heart, Anasarca, is thine Atheroma!
And Sonny Neuralgia, a lasting farewell!"

Lo the Pallid Tuyponema,
Hated most of all lanlli,
Hated by the Country Doctor,
And the specialist so clever,
For it dwells in loathsome places
Lies in wait for the unwary,
Whither innocent or guilty,
Seek alike the Rich and the Lowly,
Strikes the King as well as the Peasant,
Or the little helpless infant
Innocent of all wrong-doing,
Takes the mother's life who bore it,
Or in after years relentless
Slaps the proud and happy father,
Makes its home in any organ
Any tissue of the body,
Difficult it is to find it,
To prepare and rightly stain it,
Get correct illumination,
Recognize it when one sees it,
Difficult it is to treat it,
Taxing all the victim's patience,
Taxing all the Doctor's knowledge.
Pill or Powder for a Twelve month.
Hypodermic or inunction
Used without an intermission,
Follow many months of dozing,
Ever careful constant watching,
Which the mind endures with sorrow,
While the body makes its protest,
And the patient learns repentance.
Then at last the cure accomplished (?)
Years may pass without a warning,
'Til the storm bursts like a cyclone,
And the victim's case is hopeless.

WILLIAMS—Please do not speak disrespectfully of the Scotch people, or the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co.

A Reverie.

How wearily time crawls along—
That hideous snail that hastens not—
While I, without the power to move,
Am ever fixed to one dull spot.

Perhaps already I am dead,
And these perhaps are phantoms vain;
These motley fantasies that pass
At night through my disordered brain.

Perhaps with ancient heathen shapes,
Old faded gods, this brain is full;
Who, for their most unholy rites,
Have chosen a dead writer's skull;—

And charming, frightful orgies hold—
The madcap phantoms!—all the night
That in the morning this dead hand
About their revelries may write.







Our Vote of Thanks:

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we wish every success.*

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PETER L. KEOUGH*

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Vaginal



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measure—a real \$25.00 value—for

\$15.00

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High-Class Tailoring

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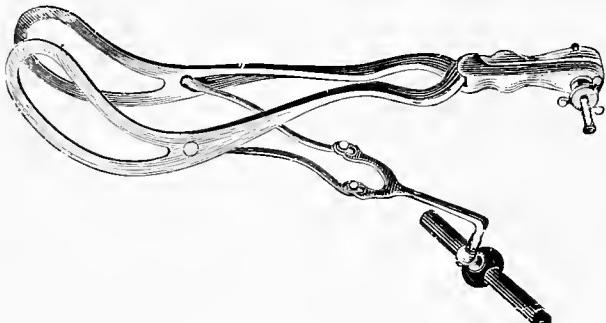
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